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H. H. Eddy



BELGIUM  
AND  
WESTERN GERMANY

IN

1833;

INCLUDING VISITS

TO

BADEN-BADEN, WIESBADEN, CASSEL, HANOVER,  
THE HARZ MOUNTAINS, &c. &c.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "DOMESTIC MANNERS OF THE AMERICANS."

*TWO VOLUMES.*

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BELGIUM  
AND  
WESTERN GERMANY  
IN 1833.

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CHAPTER XII.

*Route to Carlsruhe—Seats for Travellers—Wiesloch—  
Lutheran Hymn—Avenue of Poplars—Carlsruhe—  
Palace Gardens—Opera—Baden—Chabert's—Old  
and New Castles—Promenade—Gambling Rooms.*

THE road from Heidelberg to Carlsruhe has little beauty, beyond what a mountainous outline in the distance can give it. For many miles in this direction all the attraction is behind you; and, in truth, when turning from the Bergstrasse and the Neckar, it would be hardly possible for any road to appear beautiful.

There is one feature remarkable in all the roads of Germany, which I do not remember in any other country. On every great route that we travelled

we observed benches placed by the road-side for such as journey on foot. These are generally found under the shade of a large tree; and in many instances they are furnished with the additional luxury of a bowery shelter of branches, carefully twisted into an alcove. This may appear to be a matter of very little consequence, and hardly worth mentioning; but it is strongly indicative of the *temper* of the country, if I may so express myself; and, as I know not by whose hand, or at whose cost, they are reared, I am disposed to believe the feeling, that causes their formation, as universal as the accommodation they offer.

We baited ourselves and our horses at Wiesloch, at the distance of two leagues and a half from Heidelberg, where we had a very excellent breakfast, at a very low price. While it was preparing we walked to the church, which we entered on hearing from it the full and solemn notes of a Lutheran hymn. The little building was quite full, and I never beheld a congregation of such severe austerity of look and demeanour. The dress, both of men and women, was just such as the fana-

tics of Cromwell's day might have sanctioned; and the whole scene realized, not the *beau*, but the *triste* ideal of a methodist assembly. Nothing could less resemble the reformed church at Frankfort than this harsh-looking conventicle. There was no clergyman among them, nor any one whom we could suppose likely to fill the office. The men and women stood in separate rows, all singing with the whole strength of their lungs. I have no doubt but that our sudden and unauthorised intrusion might have somewhat increased the austere expression so remarkable on every face: but, in spite of the scowling brows that greeted us, I gave the poor people credit for real piety in thus assembling to chant their morning hymn; for, as the day was not Sunday, nor marked for any religious observance, that we could discover, this meeting, even without a minister to call them together, spoke plainly of a strong religious feeling; and had some wise and Christian-minded divine been among them, to soften the temper of their zeal, the effect would have been perfect.

We passed an hour at Brouchsal, which was

formerly the abode of the Prince Bishop of Spires. There is a handsome castle of residence, which does not appear, however, to be in very good repair. The church of St. Peter has some handsome monuments of the last Bishops of Spires. But the thing that struck us as most remarkable in the little town of Brouchsals, was the number and abundance of its beautifully clear fountains.

Though I am not in general an admirer of poplars, it was impossible not to confess the dignity and beauty of the avenue composed of them, which forms the approach to Carlsruhe. It is a league in length; and the height, size, and regular growth of the trees render it magnificent and striking in no common degree.

Carlsruhe, from being the chief residence of the Grand Duke, is considered as the capital of Baden. It is a small, well-built, gay-looking town, and has all the attraction which the actual residence of a German prince is sure to give to the spot where he holds his court.

Though many of the grand ducal residences may nearly equal that of Carlsruhe in size, and



the one at Mannheim greatly exceeds it, yet this alone has that air of finished splendour and uniform elegance, which indicates the presence of the prince. The town is on a plain, sheltered to the north-west by the forest of Hartwald; and the castle is so placed as to form the centre of a circle, of which its beautiful groves and gardens occupy one-half, and the town the other.

The *Place Royale* is a very splendid area. Innumerable orange-trees border the noble walks, that traverse it from the town to the palace in various directions: reservoirs and fountains adorn it; and the palace spreading its elegant semicircle on one side, with the church, and other handsome buildings flanking it on the other, produce a most brilliant coup d'œil.

On applying at the great gates of the palace for leave to see the apartments, the sentry entered one of the lodges, and returned with an officer, who appeared to be on guard there, and who very civilly gave us the permission we asked. A large party of English had entered just before us, and we all passed together through the state rooms.

These are extremely elegant ; and ample enough, without rivalling the endless succession of apartments at Mannheim, to receive a very numerous society.

After seeing all the rooms that are opened to strangers, we mounted to the top of the central tower, which, I presume, must have been erected solely for the sake of the singular view it commands. The objects which form the horizon here, as throughout the whole of this extensive plain, are the Odenwald and the Bergstrasse to the east, the Vosges to the west, and the heights of the Black Forest in the southern distance. But the peculiar features of the landscape are those immediately below the eye. The small but handsome town, with its many noble buildings, occupying the space to the very verge of the woods, which stretch towards the eastern hills, is seen on one side ; and the superb gardens of the palace, with their exquisite flowers, their shrubberies, and their lawns, losing themselves in the dark forest, that seems to form a line along the base of the Vosges, on the other. What renders this bird's-eye view so

singularly pleasing is, that the whole landscape, noble as its features are, has the air of being arranged expressly to furnish forth the lovely panorama that surrounds this lordly tower. The Rhine seems to twist and wind on purpose to show its beauty to the lord of the land through which it flows; and, like a shining snake in the hand of an enchanter, converts its vastness and its strength into grace and pleasantness. The forest spreads its inviting shade beyond the bright and sunny streets—and the distant hills bend round the picture, as if to frame it in. Every object within sight contributes, in a greater or less degree, to the beauty of the whole; and nothing obtrudes itself, in any direction, that one could wish away.

Roads from every point of the compass concentrate, as at Versailles, making the palace the centre of a star. Some of these are seen stretching to a great distance over the plain, or cutting a narrow line through the trees.

Having walked again and again round the gallery that hangs over this splendid view, we

wandered into the gardens, and passed the remainder of a long morning in examining the multitude of exquisite flowers and shrubs with which it abounds. All these are carefully and scientifically labelled; and the high perfection to which they grow, their profuse abundance, their beautiful arrangement, and the exquisite odour which they exhale, render the privilege of wandering among them one of no trifling value. Immediately under the windows of the palace, the assemblage of blossoms was the most brilliant I ever remember to have seen. I have before mentioned the passion for flowers, which appeared to me so remarkable throughout the country; and from their profuse abundance here, it should seem that the royal mistress of this prettiest of palaces, though not “native there, or to the manner born,” loves them as well as if she were. The pre-eminence of the Karlsruhe flower-gardens, beyond those of her other palaces, seemed to mark her presence among them, as a silken banner, when floating from a kingly tower, shows that the monarch is within its walls;—and certainly no lovelier ensign ever gave its gay colours

to the breeze. The tints are of heaven's own dyes\*.

On entering the gardens, we met the Grand Duke and his three sons, very fine boys; the youngest, not above five or six years old, is a most beautiful little creature. We recognised both the Duke and the Princes, before we were informed of their rank, from our familiar acquaintance with their portraits, which are seen in every house, and I believe I might almost say in every hut, throughout his dominions, in an almost endless variety of style. This is only one proof among a thousand of his popularity.

In the evening we went to the Opera. The interior of the theatre is very elegant; and the performance of the "Gazza Ladra" excellent; though the orchestra at Frankfort will long

\* A recent traveller, Sir Arthur Brooke Faulkner, in speaking of this residence of the Grand Duke of Baden, says, "The palace is not more imposing in appearance than a second-rate gentleman's villa in England." As this statement differs considerably from that of the text, which nevertheless was written on the spot, with the intention of describing it faithfully, the author must leave it to those who may chance to read both, and also to have visited Carlsruhe, to decide between them.

prevent my feeling perfectly satisfied with any other.

Early on the following morning we started for Baden, and breakfasted at Rastadt, where we saw another grand ducal chateau. This little town is situated upon the Mourg; and the country around it begins to partake of the beautiful features for which this stream is celebrated.

We reached Baden at two; and though we had been repeatedly threatened, *en route*, with not finding rooms there, we were fortunate enough to descry an *affiche*, on entering the town, which directed us to some small, but very comfortable, private lodgings, where we immediately established ourselves; and having been previously well instructed in the manners of the place, we hastened to make our toilets, and set off for the far-famed establishment of Chabert.

Not all I had heard of the beauty and the brilliance of Baden had prepared me for the exceeding loveliness of its situation, which seems to contain within itself every possible attraction, that a watering-place can offer. The surpassing gran-

deur of the scenery has been so constantly dwelt upon, by all who have looked on it, that the hopeless task of description is rendered unnecessary; but should I be tempted to express some of the delight it afforded me, I beg to be forgiven, in behalf of my earnest desire to inspire all tourists with a wish to visit it, who can in any way contrive to bring it into their summer excursion. That they will thank me, if I succeed, I am very sure;—let their taste, their temper, their sex, their age, be what it may, they cannot fail to find Baden enchanting.

Should they love all that is awful, sombre, wild, and grand in scenery, let them wander but half a mile from the town, and they may be lost amid the dark valleys that wind through the pine-covered mountains which form the out-works of the Black Forest. If a scene of the most light and brilliant gaiety be what their fancy covets, they may turn aside into the gardens that lead to the suite of buildings called "*Le Salon de la Conversation*;" and they will find there more light and laughing cheerfulness, a more brilliant air of dissipation,

and a greater variety of objects to enchant the eye, and animate the spirits, than probably were ever brought together elsewhere. Yet is there neither noise, nor misrule, tumult, or apparent excess of any kind.

On crossing a bridge from the town, a handsome carriage-road, looking like a drive through a gentleman's park, sheltered on each side by shrubberies, leads to the *Saal*. Well-kept gravel walks wind through these shrubberies, on both sides, in the same direction, skirted, to the left, by the little river, or rather brook, called the *Oelbach*, which was at one time the line of demarcation between France and Germany; and on the right, by a steep ascent, diversified with lawns and groves, and many a tempting path, that gradually rise, till they are lost in the dark forest of pine that covers one of the hills which shut Baden in on all sides.

At any other hour of the day the paths on this hill side would infallibly have led us higher and higher, till we had attained the happiness of being delightfully lost in the mountain forest to which



they tend ; but thoughts of dinner led us onward, as steadily as the mariner's needle, to the magnificent façade, which we discovered through the trees, and among the various halls of which we were well assured we should find it.

Whatever judgment may be passed by the learned severity of classic taste upon the architectural varieties of this façade, its general effect is grand and imposing. First comes the theatre ; then a low colonnade, within which is the circulating library and reading rooms, and a range of pretty shops for music, drawings, and nicknackeries of all sorts. Then rises the centre building, which is extremely noble in its proportions, and faced by a portico supported by Corinthian columns, that by its own elegance, and still more by the view it commands, may challenge competition with any spot in the world. Beyond this, and connected with it, is another range of buildings, containing the extensive establishment of Chabert's restaurant. When we reached these buildings, the beautiful esplanade, in front of them, was filled by a crowd of well-dressed people,

whose every step, movement, and glance showed they were assembled for the one sole purpose of amusing themselves. It would be almost impossible to find one's-self in the midst of such an assembly, surrounded on all sides with incitements to pleasure, and antidotes to melancholy, without feeling inspired with a strong inclination to enter into the spirit of the scene; and, in truth, I can conceive no surer cure for an attack of the blue devils than the mere sight of it.

After a walk through this gay throng, which, despite our sharp appetites, was long and lingering, we entered Chabert's, acknowledged, I believe, to be the most perfectly well-appointed restaurant to be found out of Paris. There ranges of tables, varying in size from what would accommodate a sulky solitary, if such could be found at Baden, to spacious boards, that might have accommodated King Arthur and all his knights, occupy, but by no means fill, the noble saloon. To speak with any thing like justice of the *cuisine* of this establishment might incur the suspicion of gourmandise; and I will therefore only remark, en passant, that

it is perfect. But the air, the style, the brilliant variety of the whole scene is better still. We entered the room at about half-past four, and, from that time till six, different parties continued to come in, till every table was full. Those calculated to accommodate a large party were all bespoken; and the delicacy of the linen, the superb abundance of plate, the brilliant profusion of cut glass, which these displayed, gave an elegance to the appearance of the whole apartment.

As soon as our gay and amusing repast was over, we repaired to the library to enter our names, and secure an entrée for the gentlemen to the reading-room. The scene in front of the buildings was still as gaily peopled as before; but with this difference, that the majority of the company, instead of walking about till their hour or their party, had arrived, were now seated in the shade of the ample portico before the public rooms; the ladies eating ices, or sipping coffee, and the gentlemen sometimes, but by no means generally, adding to the latter the incomprehensible delight of a cigar. Here, again, the scene was so new,

and so attractive, that we could not pass through it without pausing; and having secured one of the numerous little tables placed for the purpose, we too indulged in the luxury of *café noir*, while we looked about us.

Immediately opposite to this point rises the almost stupendous hill, on which stand the ruins of the old castle, which, some seven centuries ago, was the stronghold of the Princes of Baden. Directly below it, and about two miles nearer the town, is the present *Residence*, spreading along the magnificent terrace that overhangs it. The first, an enormous, but almost shapeless mass of towering ruins, seems to look forth from its black cloak of pines, as if in scorn of the light and lively scene below, so far unlike the solemn stateliness of its own feudal glories. The other, young in comparison, though tracing its origin to Christopher, a Margrave of Baden in the thirteenth century, still remains entire.

The town reaches to a level with this edifice; and though no buildings are high enough to impede the view of it, the general effect of its lofty

site, and noble extent, is lessened by their proximity. But history attaches an interest to this old fabric, far beyond what any outline of brick and stone could produce. At the first glance we remembered, that beneath the heavy pile lay the dungeons, which, perfect beyond any that have been discovered elsewhere, show, in hideous hieroglyphics, where and how the victims of the secret tribunal received their sentence, and expiated their real or imputed crimes. It was impossible to look at its gloomy roof without a shudder. But turn the head, and instead of the black mountain, and its two terrific castles, the brightest objects, and the lightest hilarity, meet the eye and ear.

In one direction, a long alley of acacias stretches almost as far as the eye can reach, flanked on each side by a row of gay booths; which, besides all the gaudy prettinesses they offer for sale, have the attraction of the French, Savoyard, and Tyrolese costumes of the picturesque merchants, both male and female, who occupy them. This alley itself, with the motley population that crowd it, is a most amusing sight. In one place a card-table, under

the trees, attracts a circle of loungers to watch the chances of a game at whist or *ecarté*—in another, the green vest and pointed hat of a Swiss vender of chamois gloves (hunted and sewed, as he tells you, by his own hand) draws some to purchase, and many to stare. Here a girl from Western Switzerland, with her pretty ankles, short petticoat, and large straw hat, shows off her graces, and invites you to buy crucifixes, brooches and Napoleon pins, at a penny a-piece;—there a juggler, mixing the costumes of all nations of the earth, to mystify each, gains hearers and cents without number.

Additional animation was now given to the lively spectacle by a band, which began to play in front of the rooms. Every chair was occupied; every table engaged—French taking coffee and cognac—Germans smoking—English eating ices and quaffing wine, or whatever else was to be had at the highest price. As one party moved, another took their place, offering fresh groups to study, the whole spectacle being uniformly gay, but uniform in nothing else.

Having subscribed to the library, the balls, the *salle de conversation*, and so on (all at very moderate prices), we entered the public rooms, and there a very different spectacle, and one perfectly new, greeted me. The first room you enter from the portico is a magnificent saloon of a hundred feet by forty. In the centre of this room is a roulette table. As we had left the portico and walks crowded with company, I was perfectly astonished to find this large room crowded also; but so it was, and with a throng not only more strangely mixed than that without, but infinitely more incongruous than any novice could believe from merely looking at it. Ladies of the highest rank and character stood or sat beside the desperate adventurer, who was staking his last Napoleon on the game. But some days must be passed at Baden, and some acquaintance made among the company, before the strange anomalies of this scene can be fully understood.

Beyond this saloon on one side is the “*Salle de Conversation* ;” a very handsome drawing-room, elegantly fitted up with sofas and couches in

abundance, and a grand piano-forte, with which ladies may amuse both themselves and the company, if they please. To this apartment subscribers only can be admitted; the others are open to all. In another direction is a handsome room, which was formerly the choir of the Jesuits' church; who, at no very distant period, had a college on this spot. It is now—oh strange uncertainty of earthly things!—converted into a gaming-room. It is here that the rouge et noir table is placed; and, to my utter astonishment, I found ladies as well as gentlemen seated round it, in all the suppressed, but ever-visible agitation of gamblers. This room also was very full: the play was deeper, and the company evidently of higher grade than those who crowded round the roulette table. The scene was to me one of such deep and novel interest, that, spite of the sweet air and innocent gaiety without, I had no power to leave it. It was the first time that I had ever seen the human countenance under circumstances so calculated to display all the variety of expression of which it is capable. I knew not how tremendous a study a human face might be; nor



can I at all understand why I found so much interest, I could almost call it fascination, in watching the working muscles of beings that I so heartily despised. Be the cause, however, what it may, the fact is, that, spite of the fatigue of standing (those who do not play are forbidden to sit down), and spite of the hateful passions so visibly at work before me, I remained in this desecrated church, till darkness and stillness had taken place of the brilliant scene I had left on the walks.

The subscription-room was quite full, as we looked into it on our way out, and a very good band was playing there ; but I felt no inclination to enter, and we returned to our quiet lodgings, where we moralized over our tea till bedtime.

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## CHAPTER XIII.

*Old Castle—Secret Tribunal—Roman Bath—Dress Ball—Baden Company—The Gaming Table—Sunday Evening—The Mourgthal—The Mummelsee—Gernsbach—The Klingel—Eberstein—The Mourg.*

ON the following day we resolutely turned our backs upon the public rooms, walks, gardens, and all their fascinations, determined to devote the morning to the two Castles, both so pregnant with historic interest, and one so wildly magnificent in its position. To enable me to achieve this enterprise, it was deemed necessary that I should mount one of the numerous train of donkeys, which constantly stand ready caparisoned at the beginning of the ascent.

The road is well cut, and made as easy as the nature of the ground will permit, but it was a full hour ere we reached the point where the wide-spreading ruin stands. Were it not for the tales that memory is sure to recall at such a spot, and the stirring scenes that fancy so readily suggests

amid the mouldering, desolate chambers, that may still be traced there, the mere walls of the Alt Schloss itself would hardly repay the labour of reaching them; but the spot on which they stand is at once so terrible in its dark loneliness, and so magnificent from the immense landscape over which it hangs, that were it necessary to climb from crag to crag, like chamois-hunters, to reach it, none would shrink from the toil who were capable of performing it. I never before looked upon a view at once so extensive and so beautiful. The rock on which the castle stands is many hundred feet above the level of the Rhine, and being almost a sugar-loaf, the panorama is perfect. Strasburg is seen in one direction, and Worms in the other, with many a winding of the Rhine between. This forms the distant view; but that immediately below the eye is lovelier far. Hills almost innumerable, of all varieties of form, rise around Baden, and beyond it, intersecting each other with such intricacy of outline, and such capricious variety of tint, as light and shade play upon their black pine-covered sides, that the eye is almost bewildered in

its enjoyment, and turns from height to height, and from valley to valley, utterly unable to decide which direction it loves best.

We were shown amid the ruins a low-browed archway, sloping downwards, blocked up by huge masses of stone; this, our guide told us, communicated with the subterranean chambers of the castle below. How mortifying it is upon these occasions, when inquiring if there be any means of exploring so delightful a mystery, to be answered, “*Mais non, Madame, le souterrain est comblé.*”

There are some prodigiously grand masses of granite starting out from among the woods near the castle, which look almost like a continuation of its walls. Here my two companions found employment, one with his pencil, and the other with his hammer, while I placed myself in a shed, where there was a bench and a table. By no possible chance, I think, can the beams of the sun ever find their way to that spot. Tall pines, enormous rocks, and lofty towers, all throw impenetrable shade upon it; but it was the third of August, and it never occurred to me, that shade

could be an evil, so I sat down to write, and continued to do so, till I found myself so cold that I could hardly hold my pen: I literally shook in every limb, and thought it prudent to quit my retreat, and summon my two friends. Having stated my sad condition, they accompanied me down the steep descent till we came to the great gateway. On one side of this, in a spot where rocks and ruins are so blended together as to make it almost doubtful which is which, is a sort of shed, or, rather, a layer of slanting planks, projecting over a square stone, about three feet high. On this, much to my contentment, blazed a bright fire. An old woman and a girl were employed before it with sundry pots and pipkins; and in different corners of the rocks were stowed away bottles, glasses, apples and plums, indicating, as we hoped, a sort of *savage restaurant* for such as might happen to turn their eyes to this strange nook, after labouring up the steep ascent, or coming shuddering down from the unsunned recesses of the ruins. Be this as it might, the fire was restoration enough, and at that moment looked

as inviting as Chabert's gay saloon itself. We all welcomed it joyfully, and I crept as close to its blaze as if Christmas had taken place of the dog-days.

The old woman gave us a smiling welcome, and I never remember to have enjoyed the sight and feel of "crackling fagots" more completely. On looking round I observed sundry leaders of donkeys, my own among the number, reposing in odd corners of this singular cabaret: their beasts stood at no great distance, and formed no bad addition to the picture. An old chair was drawn out from its hiding-place behind a ledge of rock to do me honour, and seated in this, I watched with exceeding satisfaction the process of boiling some water in a little brass skillet, that looked as if it came out of one of Ostade's pictures, as well as the kind old frau who watched it. At length she presented to me the result of her exertions in my behalf in a steaming cup, which contained neither Rhine wine, nor any other species of nectar, but something which she called *ponch*, and which at that moment I thought infinitely better.

The two hours that remained of our morning were to be devoted to the Residence, and the Chambers of the secret tribunal beneath it; yet we did not leave this grotesque but picturesque retreat, till Mr. H. had made a sketch of the old woman and her granddaughter, her rocky shed, and her altar-like hearthstone. This done, I remounted my donkey; and in less than half the time it had taken us to crawl up, we reached the gates of the chateau. The only adventure that befel us on the way, was encountering two young military-looking Germans, both mounted on donkeys, and both smoking from pipes of such prodigious length, that they all but touched the ground under the feet of their lowly *monture*. They rode closely and lovingly side by side, one tube taking an angle to the east, and the other to the west. We met them at a point where the road was narrow; the rock, which had been cut through to make it, rising on one side, while something very like a precipice fell on the other; and my part of the adventure consisted in so choosing my path, and adjusting myself in the saddle, as not to run a-tilt against either meerschaum. My

donkey-boy, perceiving the difficulty, seized my rein, and unceremoniously set the head of the animal in a line that appeared to lead very decidedly over the edge of the precipice. Some sign or sound of disapprobation probably escaped me; for one of the gentlemen immediately dismounted, and disposed of himself, his pipe, and his donkey, in such a manner as to leave me room to proceed. And here, as I pass him, I must observe that the phlegmatic slowness, for which the Germans are so celebrated, can, I think, scarcely be attributed to them at the present day. Their long incorporation with their lively neighbours of France may perhaps account for this; but certainly, as far as my observation went, I saw nothing approaching to slowness or heaviness among the younger part of the population: they may perhaps carry a little more ballast than their neighbours, but it rather steadies than impedes their movement.

On reaching the gates of the chateau, our curiosity was drawn to the examination of the armorial bearings engraved on a stone above the gate. There was no part of this noble shield with which



we were not familiar, from having constantly seen some of the bearings with which it is charged at every point of our progress through the country, either on princely tombs, or sculptured gateways; and we now clearly traced their connexion with some remnants of heraldic carving still visible at the castle above.

A lively black-eyed Alsacienne girl acted as our guide through the castle. She was by far the most intelligent person of her profession that I ever met, and we had much amusing conversation with her. In the old picture-gallery particularly she dilated with considerable *savoir* on the different alliances of the Baden family. The whole of the castle is extremely curious; but what remains of the habitable part is far from superb, though there is an air of old-fashioned dignity in the apartments, which are fitted up, and often used as a summer residence by the Dowager Grand Duchess Stephanie. The view from them is magnificent: but I doubt if all the beauty without could make me forget the fearful memorials within the walls. Her Highness was at Rome at the time of our

visit—we therefore saw the whole suite; and I almost marvelled at the strong nerves of the princess, as I contemplated her gloomy and remote bed-room.

Having again reached the interior gate of the castle, our pretty guide stopped—“*Et maintenant vous allez voir les cachots ?*” said she, as if doubting my intention: “*Assurément, Mademoiselle,*” was our reply. “*Attendez donc,*” said she, and left us for a few moments on the steps before the great door. Returning with a lantern and a huge key, she pronounced the words “*Suivez moi*” in a tone of much comic solemnity. We did so, to an outer door in a tower which flanks the building; on her opening which, a handsome spiral stone staircase, both ascending and descending, became visible. She went down, and we followed; but I felt something very like disappointment at this unmysterious approach to chambers that I almost dreaded to behold. These stairs led to a large vaulted room, sufficiently lighted by grated windows placed high in the wall. “*This,*” said our guide, “and the two chambers beyond, were

formerly the retreat of the women in time of war." The two other rooms were in the same style; being all vaulted, and looking very like a prison, from the strong iron bars which defended the windows. From these we passed into a chamber containing the relics of a noble Roman swimming-bath: around it may be traced, without the slightest difficulty, or danger of blundering, the whole arrangement for the accommodation of these luxurious bathers. The aperture, by which the hot stream entered, is not far from the present principal hot spring of Baden. Large stone reservoirs are placed in an outer room, from whence cold water was conveyed to temper the heat of the spring, which was doubtless then, as now, of much too high a temperature for bathing.

That the whole of this part of the structure is of Roman workmanship no one doubts; but of the dungeons to which they lead different opinions are entertained. The one most generally received, I believe, is, that the dungeons are not of Roman, but of German construction, and of a date greatly anterior to that of the dwelling erected over them;

having been probably constructed as an appendage to the castle above, with which they are connected by a subterranean passage. It is said that the first castle built on this spot (afterwards almost entirely destroyed by fire) was raised in the thirteenth century; and that it was inhabited, *in times of peace*, by the Margrave; who still preserved his more powerful stronghold at the Alt Schloss on the mountain: but it is perfectly evident, from the construction of the present building, that a part of it, at least, is of a date coeval with the use of these terrific caverns.

Having reached another small vaulted room, beyond that in which the reservoirs are situated, our guide stopped; and told us we were here to take leave of the daylight, which a continuance of grated windows had let in upon us, through all the chambers we had hitherto passed. She then sought and found several candles, which she placed in our hands; saying, that the passages we were about to enter were such as to render it highly dangerous to run any risk of being without a light. She then unlocked a small door, and

descending two steps, we entered a narrow passage, which terminated in a square vaulted room. The aspect of the passage, and still more the dismal horror of this vault, removed all fear that I should not find the dungeons terrible enough. It is quite impossible that stone walls can convey a feeling of more hopeless desolation. From this square room branched more than one opening; but the utter darkness, and the irregularity of arrangement in the horrid cells they led to, prevented our being able to conceive any very correct idea of their relative position.

On reaching the termination of one of these passages, we were stopped by a door of stone a foot thick, hewn in one piece out of the granite rock. This door stood ajar, and our guide opened it by thrusting a thick stick, that lay near, into the aperture. She then asked Henry to assist her, and between them they contrived, by using the stick as a lever, to move the heavy mass sufficiently to enable us to pass it. "This is the first prison," said she; and paused long enough to let us see its dismal horrors. Utterly dark, and totally

without ventilation, it struck damp and cold both to body and soul.

“ This is the second,” she continued, as she passed through another massive door of rock, constructed in the same manner as the former ; and again a dismal vault opened before us. In this manner she led us into ten distinct dungeons ; some of these are hewn out of the solid rock, as well as the passages which lead to them, and others are constructed of immense blocks of stone.

After passing through several passages, which I should be loth to travel without a guide, we reached a chamber of larger dimensions, the aspect and atmosphere of which might have chilled a lion’s heart ; our guide paused as she passed the threshold, and said, “ *Voici la chambre de la question.*” Many massive iron rings, fastened into the walls of this room, gave indications, sufficiently intelligible, of the mode in which the questionings were wont to be carried on there : and so strongly did visions of the past rise up before me, that, with the strange clinging to horror which makes so puzzling a part of our nature, I remained

gazing on these traces of vengeance and of woe, till our lively Alsacienne declared she would wait no longer.

One of the openings that led from this frightful room terminated at a wall, along which another passage ran at right angles. Exactly at the corner where the turn was made, the footing of solid earth or rock, that we had hitherto trod, was changed for a flooring of planks, which, if not quite loose, were yet so placed as to leave considerable interstices between them. She suffered us to pass over these, and when we had entered the door-way, that stood at right angles, she stopped, saying, "Voilà! this is the *oubliette*;" and pointed, as she spoke, to the planks we had passed.

"And what is the *oubliette*?" was the natural question; though the untranslatable word had already conveyed the idea of eternal oblivion.

I suspect that the dark-eyed damsel had studied her business with considerable tact; and that the tone, in which she answered this question, was not so much the effect of emotion, as meant to be the cause of it.

“ It is the fatal *baiser de la vierge*,” she replied; “ when a prisoner was sentenced to be *forgotten*, he was made to pass from the judgment-hall through this door: these planks then sunk beneath him, and he was heard of no more.”

The thrilling feeling, made up of horror and curiosity, which these words excited, induced us all to apply our candles to a dark space of half a foot wide, which yawned between the wall and the boards covering the abyss. Henry threw himself across them; and thrust his candle down to the extent of his arm—but all in vain; if darkness can indeed be called visible, he saw it, but nothing else.

The girl smiled as she watched his vain efforts. “ You are not the first I have seen,” said she, “ who seemed as if they would gladly have torn those boards from under them, rather than not see the gulf below—but a little dog, they say, managed the matter better than any of you.”

We eagerly inquired her meaning; and she told us a story, that I have since seen in print, of an accident that happened about thirty years ago.



A gentleman, who came to see the dungeons, was followed by a favourite dog : the animal was small, and while sniffing about the aperture, contrived to squeeze himself through it, and fell with a fearful yell to the bottom. The gentleman, who was greatly attached to the little creature, had influence enough to obtain permission to seek for him. Workmen, carrying lights, were let down by ropes ; and not only was the little dog restored alive to his master, but fragments of garments and of bones, and detached morsels of a wheel stuck full of knives, were found on the spot where he had fallen.

After listening to this dark history of the pit on whose verge we stood, we followed the narrator to an iron door, of curious workmanship, which creaked most hideously upon its rusty hinges as she opened it. "This," said she, "was the hall of judgment ; here the members of the secret tribunal assembled to examine the prisoners before their doom ; and *there* is the entrance by which they came to it from the castle on the hill." As she spoke, she held up her light, to show us an opening, high up in the wall, but which was closed by stones at the distance of a few feet

“ Here are traces,” she continued, pointing to stones that projected at intervals from the walls, “ of the seats that were placed round for the judges.”

“ Has that passage ever been traced from one end of it to the other ?” said I.

“ Oh yes, very often ; but not of late years. Part of the roof fell, and it was thought dangerous ; so it has been closed at the two extremities, to prevent mischief.”

We would have given much, and willingly have run some trifling risk of broken heads, could we have obtained permission to enter this curious passage ; but it might not be, and we turned to retrace our steps. Suddenly, our young guide stopped in one of the passages, which appeared connected with many of the chambers, and told us to look upwards. We did so ; and, at a great height above, perceived the light of heaven, faintly glimmering through an opening, apparently about three feet square : this opening descended, like a huge chimney, to the spot where we stood.

“ It was by this entrance,” said the girl, “ that all prisoners were brought into the dungeons : that

light proceeds from a chamber at the very top of the castle."

"Can we not see it?" said I.

"You would see nothing but an ordinary chamber," she replied, appearing to evade the question; and then added, "by this descent they were let down in a chair, which they were sure to sit in, as it was the only one in the room to which they were led."—The adventure of Lord Oxford was before us.

It would be very idle to attempt giving any idea of the effect which these horrible memorials of unlimited and unlawful power produced. There had always appeared to me something shadowy and doubtful hanging about the traditions I had read of the secret tribunal, its frightful cruelties, and its hidden strength: but here I was in the very midst of its fearful recesses; and my senses bore such strong testimony to the truth of all that history and imagination had painted, that I almost felt as if present at the scenes, of which hitherto I had doubted the existence.

I have seldom been more completely fatigued

and exhausted than when we returned to upper air: my faculties had been too long completely on the stretch; and I believe that my companions were much in the same condition; for, notwithstanding all we might have found to say after such a morning, our walk back to Baden was as silent as if we feared that the dreadful power, whose theatre we had just quitted, still stalked through its ancient territory, and might hear and punish whatever we might disrespectfully utter concerning it.

I do not think it possible to conceive a greater contrast than that presented by Chabert's brilliant saloon to the scene we had left. The bright reality of the happy living faces that smiled around us, instead of the suffering spectres we had conjured up—the full enjoyment of fearless liberty, while remembering the doors of iron, and the gates of granite—the light of heaven reflected from brilliant mirrors, and from laughing eyes, while the cavern darkness of a living grave was fresh in our thoughts—and last, but not the least, the Rhine wine and chevreuil, that so pleasantly chased the

languor of fasting and fatigue, altogether made us feel to perfection both the horror of the spot we had left, and the pleasantness of that we had reached.

As we intended to go to the dress ball at the rooms in the evening, we took our coffee quietly at home, that we might more completely recover the fatigue of the morning.

The grand saloon is a beautiful room; and when fully lighted up, as it was on this occasion, offers a very brilliant spectacle. A temporary partition is put up, turning the space round the roulette table into an ante-room, through which we passed to the *salle de bal*; and the multitude of mirrors, flowers, and lights, with the elegant assemblage of company moving among them in this larger apartment, made it one of the gayest ball-rooms I ever entered.

Here, indeed, we saw waltzing to perfection: nor did the large number of my lovely countrywomen, who joined in the dazzling circle, at all destroy the graceful elegance of the movement. They seemed inspired both by example and harmony. The music was excellent, and, joined to the fine dancing,

made the spectacle one that it was impossible not to enjoy. The company was, I really believe, made up of every European nation, but the dresses were universally Parisian. I have seldom seen so many beautiful women together. A noble Russian lady, who had been all the season at Baden, very kindly enlightened my ignorance respecting many distinguished individuals who were present; and by her means, I learned the names and titles of many "lords, and dukes, and noble princes," whom without her aid I might have overlooked. She told me that no spot in the world drew together a more distinguished society than might be met at Baden: its attractions, she said, were felt and acknowledged by every country in Europe; and that many of the *élite* of each might yearly be found there during the months of summer.

"The natural consequence is," she continued; "that many of the worst and vilest follow them, in the hope of pillage at the gaming tables."

I have every reason to believe that this statement is correct in both particulars; and to a looker-on, the *mélange* affords considerable amusement.

I have heard it remarked that people of low station, and perfectly uneducated, often show a marvellous tact in distinguishing true from false pretensions in those with whom they have dealings; and I remember a money-changer at Dieppe telling us, that for thirty years he had been in the habit of lending money to travellers who had outrun their purse, but that he had never, in any single instance, found his discrimination fail him as to who might be trusted. "I can read them," said he, "as plainly as if I had their banker's book in my hand." I never doubted the truth of the statement, but it was at Baden only that I fully understood how legible were the characters of the alphabet by which he read them.

As I neither danced nor played, I had ample leisure during the week that we remained at the baths to study this alphabet. It is strange that neither mother-wit, nor constant effort, though spurred to the task by the sharpest interest, and lashed by desperate need, can teach one man to ape what comes so easily to another. The outward materials, too, in each appear the same. Here are eyes,

nose, and mouth, broadcloth and satin, moustache, and ribbon at the button-hole ; and yet, to the eye that will give itself time to look, the gaudy flower, bright and stiff under its case of glass in a milliner's window, is not less like the flexile gracefulness of a fresh plucked rose, than the very best mimicry of the counterfeit to the bearing of a gentleman. Whatever they do, the fatal test follows them ; and even the best gifts of nature, when lavished on the exterior, cannot save them from it. The brightest eye will twinkle out some symptom of the coarse vulgarity that lurks within ; and even if the nose be proudly arched, or the teeth splendid in their whiteness, they still seem to " wear them with a difference."

On no occasion did I watch higher play than on the evening of the dress ball. All the best company in Baden were assembled, and the birds of prey, whose profession it was to watch them, doubtless came armed for the encounter ; and prepared to " fool them to the top of their bent."

The following day was Sunday. We passed through the public walks on our way to church ;



and having time to spare, looked into the rooms, which even at that early hour had a crowd of people hanging round the gaming tables. On our return we entered them again, and then this frightful scene of madness was at its height.

I doubt if anything, less than the evidence of the senses, can enable any one fully to credit and comprehend the spectacle that a gaming table offers. I saw women distinguished by rank, elegant in person, modest, and even reserved in manner, sitting at the rouge et noir table with their râteaux and marking cards in their hands; the former to push forth their bets, and draw in their winnings; the latter to prick down the events of the game. I saw such at different hours through the whole of Sunday. To name these is impossible; but I grieve to say, that two English women were among them.

There was one of this set, whom I watched day after day during the whole period of our stay, with more interest than, I believe, was reasonable: for had I studied any other as attentively, I might have found less to lament. She was young—cer-

tainly not more than twenty-five—and though not regularly nor brilliantly handsome, most singularly winning, both in person and demeanour. Her dress was elegant, but peculiarly plain and simple. A close white silk bonnet and gauze veil; a quiet-coloured silk gown, with less of flourish and frill by the half than any other person; a delicate little hand, which when ungloved displayed some handsome rings; a jewelled watch of peculiar splendour, and a countenance expressive of anxious thoughtfulness, must be remembered by many who were at Baden in August, 1833. They must remember too, that enter the rooms when they would, morning, noon, or night, still they found her, nearly at the same place, at the rouge et noir table. Her husband, who had as unquestionably the air of a gentleman as she had of a lady, though not always close to her was never very distant. He did not play himself; and I fancied, as he hovered near her, that his countenance expressed anxiety. But he returned the sweet smile, with which she always met his eye, with an answering smile; and I saw not the slightest indication that he wished to with-

draw her from the table. There was an expression in the upper part of her face, that my blundering science would have construed into something very foreign to the propensity she showed : but there she sat, hour after hour, and day after day ; not even allowing the blessed Sabbath, that gives rest to all, to bring it to her—there she sat constantly throwing down handfuls of five-franc pieces ; and sometimes drawing them back again, till her young face grew rigid from weariness, and all the lustre of her eye faded into a glare of vexed inanity. Alas ! alas ! is that fair woman a mother ? God forbid !

Another figure at the gaming table, which daily drew our attention, was a pale, anxious old woman ; who seemed no longer to have strength to conceal her eager agitation under the air of callous indifference, which all practised players endeavour to assume. She trembled, till her shaking hand could hardly grasp the instrument with which she pushed or withdrew her pieces ; the dew of agony stood upon her wrinkled brow : yet hour after hour, and day after day, she too sat in the enchanted

chair. I never saw age and station in a position so utterly beyond the pale of respect. I was assured that she was a person of rank; and my informant added, but I trust she was mistaken, that she was an English woman.

In the evening of Sunday there was a ball, *non paré*, at the Conversations *Saal*. It was one of the three weekly *soirées dansantes*, to which all subscribers to this room are admitted. We again saw some beautiful waltzing; but the room is less calculated to show it off to advantage than the great saloon.

The only difference the Sunday appears to make at Baden is, that multitudes of the neighbouring peasantry mix themselves with the gay throng on the walks, and diversify the scene very agreeably, by their pretty costumes, and light-hearted gaiety. The evening was a sultry one, and we passed but little of it in the rooms; but placed ourselves under the stately portico, to watch the motley groups that paraded before it. Not a single being of them all but seemed to be sharing the universal enjoyment. Some were eating ices, some were flirting,

some walking in gay rows, that obliged those less sturdy in their pleasure to give way before them ; and some were seated in little knots at the tables near us, sipping coffee, and discoursing of all things in heaven and on earth.

As the evening advanced, many of these were drawn, like fragments of straw into a whirlpool, through the door of the gambling-room. These we saw no more that night enjoying the cool breeze ; but when we took a parting glance at the table, we remarked the same faces, that an hour before looked happily at ease, now shrunk into all the pitiful and painful expression that avarice and anxiety could give.

The next day was devoted to seeing the celebrated valley of the Mourg ; and also Eberstein, a hunting-seat belonging to the Grand Duke, which overhangs the river at one of its loveliest points. In order to see as much as possible of this beautiful part of the country, it is usual to make the excursion by driving over the mountains to Gernsbach ; proceeding thence along the Mourg to Eberstein, and returning through its valley to Baden.

It is in truth a summer day's journey of much fatigue for the horses, but of almost unparalleled gratification to the traveller; and I will venture to say that no one, who has made it, will ever forget its magnificent features. The chain of hills, over which the road passes, forms the outposts of the Black Forest; and partakes of all its dark and solemn wildness. Having once mastered the Herrnwiese, the road follows an elevated ridge, that connects many heights together; and leads in and out through an inconceivable variety of forest scenery, for several miles, before it again descends. There are points of this bold road, so locked in by blocks of granite, and interminable depths of pines, that I almost wondered how I got there; but at others, it breaks out again upon the hill side, and permits you to look down upon valleys and rivulets, cottages and vineyards, so far below that they seem like the miniature features of fairy land.

In one of the wildest passes of this mountain road, having left the carriage that we might the better enjoy the beauty of it, we were startled by hearing a chorus of voices at a distance among the

trees. We soon found it was approaching us, and stood still to wait for the choristers: they presently appeared from behind a turn in the road which we were approaching, to the number of twenty or more; and we learned from our driver, that they were pilgrims returning from the shrine of Sindenkirch.

In one of the sweetest valleys seen from these hills, and which, though deep below their summit, is far above the level of the stream, is a little lake called *Mummelsee*; which, being interpreted, means Lake of the Fairies; round which a set of benevolent spirits assemble at the full of the moon; and if the housewives for five miles round will on that night leave work of any kind ready to the hand, these kindly fays perform it; and that, as it should seem, without hope of fee or reward: for I heard nothing of "the cream bowl duly set" that Milton talks of, as the recompense of our more worldly-minded goblins.

The descent from these hills to the little town of Gernsbach, is one of the steepest I ever saw used for a carriage: but all feeling of alarm was lost

in admiration. The Mourg valley opened before us; and were the approach to it by a parachute, I doubt if the possibility of striking against a rock, or being caught in the branch of a tree, could occur to any one.

It was market-day at Gernsbach; and the country people, who appeared chiefly employed in buying and selling corn, were so closely wedged together, that it was with great difficulty we could drive through them. But our driver was German, and patient; the people were German and civil; and the thing was accomplished with some little delay, but without a single rough word or angry look.

From this town we drove close by the side of the bright and rapid Mourg, till we reached a large but rustic hotel, situated at a point, where there was just room enough between the river and the towering forest-covered hill, for itself, its little garden, and the beautiful Mourgthal road, which led to it.

It was eleven o'clock, but we had not yet breakfasted; and we set about ordering the meal with the hearty good will which travellers may be sup-



posed to feel, who have been enjoying mountain air for nearly five hours. But, unfortunately for us, the whole establishment was in commotion; and our case, for a long time, appeared utterly hopeless. If we rang the bell, the next person that passed the door nodded to us without entering; if we called, "*Ja wohl*" was civilly uttered in reply; but the speaker approached not. At last, made desperate by famine, we made an inroad into the kitchen; and that we did not instantly satisfy the cravings of hunger with what we found there, proved incontestably that we were both tame and civilized animals.

In one corner was a damsel whipping up an enormous bowlful of eggs—in another, two pair of sinewy arms were rolling pie-crust; while towers, rather than jars, of sweetmeats flanked them on either side. An enormous frau sat before a window, aided by two imps at her knee in shelling a mountain of peas; and on the massive table, that stretched down the middle of the room, stood chickens, hams, crawfish, custards, salads, fruit, rolls, and cheeses, past counting; while from the reeking stove came

blended odours of soups, stews, hashes, and ragouts innumerable. Having uttered our pressing wants in all the tongues we had; one of the many functionaries approached us: and while continuing assiduously to scrape a carrot, told us, in tolerable French, that we should be attended to, "oui, sans doute" we should have breakfast, "cependant," it was very unlucky; but they expected no less than thirty "milors Anglais" from Baden to dine there at three o'clock.

After this explanation, we thought ourselves very fortunate to get anything: and having despatched what was accorded, without wasting any more of our precious time, we started for the castle. On our way to it, we passed by a little chapel called the *Klingel*, to which many pilgrims still resort; and respecting which a legend is repeated, with an air of perfect belief, by its guardian. Where the *Klingel* now stands, a holy anchorite had made his cell; who often, in the dead of night, was awakened by a soft voice singing at a short distance among the thickets. Repeatedly did the good man rise from his bed of leaves, to discover

whence the sweet and holy strain proceeded; but all he could see was a pale delicate light, which seemed to issue from the same spot, and stretch to the threshold of his little wicket. After a long and careful search, he at length had the happiness of discovering, among the bushes, a small image of the Virgin. The mystery was thus at once explained: he built the Klingel chapel, by the aid of pious men; and there the identical figure of the Virgin may be seen to this day.

The road to the *burg* is long and steep, but so well arranged as to make a very delightful walk. If I attempt to describe the spot on which this castle stands, I shall infallibly fall into the *issimo* style again. It is most noble, most lovely, most magnificent. About thirty years ago, a mass of ruins only stood on this predominating point; and the *New Eberstein* was erected by the Margrave Frederic; to whom every casual visiter must feel indebted for a spectacle, probably not to be matched in the world. The castle is small, but fitted up with great taste. The windows have balconies hanging over a scene that one remembers rather

as a dream, than a reality; and the narrow pinnacle, on which the building stands, is occupied, to its extremest edge, by a terrace walk, bordered with flowers, as rich in size, colour, and fragrance, as if they grew on some soft sunny slope, instead of springing from the summit of a granite rock, which from below appears to be almost lost in the clouds.

It is neither the extent nor the richness of the view from Eberstein, that produces the enchantment; though Mont Tonnerre only is its limit; and the sweet villages of Weissenbach, Hilpertsau, Obergroth, and others, whose names I remember not, throw life and culture up and down the bold granite cliffs that border the river: not all these united have the power to charm, which this wild little river itself possesses. It is this, curling, dashing, springing, foaming, as it winds round the foot of the mountain, that fascinates the eye, and makes a moving picture, that one could look down upon for ever. Nor is this all: rough and rocky as it is, this noisy stream can seldom be looked at for many minutes together, during the summer,

without showing that most picturesque of all objects, a raft formed of the timber of the Black Forest, and navigated by the wildest-looking figures in the world, battling with its rapids, and dashing down, with reckless daring, among its rocks.

Three of these made the tremendous passage, immediately under the castle, while we stood upon its terrace; and I never saw skill and courage more conspicuous than in the men who led them.

Though nowhere seen under circumstances so wildly picturesque as at Eberstein, these rafts form a feature of great interest and beauty on all the streams that descend from the Black Forest; and the more so, from the varying appearance they assume at different stations of their passage to the Rhine. We saw them both on the Mourg and the Neckar, formed of the enormous logs, entire, as when felled in the wild spot where they grew. At a short distance below Gernsbach, the Mourg, though still falling at a very rapid angle, and through a tortuous and rocky bed, is less vehement in its movement than above; and here are seen

numerous sawing mills, which form most picturesque objects in the landscape. The logs here are cut into planks, and, no longer in danger of splitting by continual concussion against the masses of granite, which seem, above Eberstein, to madden the stream by their resistance, they bend and yield to its impulse without danger; and linked together in long lines, win their way to the Rhine. Hundreds of them are then formed into one prodigious fabric; bearing houses and workshops on their surface; and often navigated by a crew exceeding five hundred men.

Small as the new castle of Eberstein is, there are some apartments in it well worth seeing. The one containing ancient suits of armour, arranged on each side of it, is particularly so; and that at the top of the tower, ornamented by all the successive shields of the house of Baden, from 901 to 1790, is particularly interesting to those who have recently travelled through the Baden territory; in every part of which some of these bearings may be found. On leaving the castle, we again walked round the garden terrace; and then with real pain quitted a

spot, the like of which we can never hope to see again.

When we once more entered the hotel beside the river, the preparations for *milors'* dinner were at their climax; and just as we got into our carriage to return home, the whole party arrived. It was indeed as brilliant and happy looking a cavalcade as I remember to have seen; all English, I believe, and all among the gayest of the set with whose faces we had become familiar at Baden.

Our drive home through the valley was very pretty; but we were spoiled, just then, for all scenery but Eberstein. We dined at the little village of Kuppenheim, from whence we visited another residence of the Baden family, called La Favorite; and returned to Baden by eight o'clock, too tired to look into the *Saal*.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

*Confinement in the Secret Tribunal—Spiral Staircase  
—Chamber from which the Prisoners were let down  
—Theatre—Gambling—Strasbourg—Cathedral—  
Mummies—Maniac—Monument of Mareschal Saxe  
—Return to Baden—Remarkable Characters—De-  
parture.*

I HAVE already dwelt so long on the chambers of the Secret Tribunal, that I am almost afraid to recur to them again: and yet our second visit deserves to be mentioned, because we are probably the only persons who have been fairly locked up within their ghastly precincts since the days of the *Francs Juges*.

Our motives for returning to the dismal scene were twofold;—one being to indulge Mr. H. in his wish for a sketch of the passage leading to the *Oubliette*: and the other to try if we could persuade our black-eyed *Alsaçienne* to let us mount to the chamber from whence prisoners were let down into the dungeons. By the aid of perseverance we



succeeded in both. The damsel seemed rather surprised at seeing us again ; and, when informed of our wish to be permitted to remain for some time in the vaults, looked as if she suspected that we had, one and all, lost our wits. I shall not forget the look she gave Mr. H. when he made her understand his object.

“ Faire un tableau là ! she exclaimed ; “ mais c’est drôle.”

After thinking about it for a moment, she said ; that if we were determined upon this, we must consent to be locked up in the dungeons ; for that she was particularly enjoined never to leave them open. I am not quite sure that this was not said to try my courage ; for there was “ a laughing devil in her eye,” that made it by no means improbable. However, I did not shrink from the undertaking ; and we were accordingly once more led down to this region of blackest night. Having told us to be careful of our candles, and to keep together, she turned the grating lock ; and we were left to indulge to the full in all the thick-coming fancies that were sure to visit us. The only indication

of not quite liking the business that I ventured to give was, by desiring, with some earnestness, that our confinement should not exceed half an hour. This our pretty gaoler promised : and having thus bid adieu to everything like agreeable sensations for that space, I gave myself up to the full consciousness of all the positive, real, and unimagined horrors of the spot ; which I am sure can never be done completely, while merely following a guide through its recesses.

The only mode that could be devised, by which Mr. H. might make the sketch he wished, was having a light held over the fearful oubliette. I volunteered this service ; and performed it too : and though I will not take credit for having braved any real danger thereby, I nevertheless feel conscious of having mastered a whole legion of airy spirits, as I stood on the hideous threshold ; in the act of passing which, so many aching hearts had heaved their last sigh ;—for the next step precipitated them down the yawning yet hidden gulf, where their wrongs and their sufferings were stifled and silenced for ever.

When the half hour was fully elapsed, we had the satisfaction of hearing the sound of a key rattling in the lock that shut us in. The damsel smiled at seeing us all waiting on the threshold as she opened it.

“ Je vous ai laissé assiz long tems, il parait,” said she ; and then assured us, with some earnestness, that she had not exceeded the time named. Our watches perfectly confirmed this—nevertheless, I confess, it appeared to me the longest half-hour I ever passed.

I believe she thought we must have had enough of the secret tribunal ; for when we reminded her of the promise extracted before our incarceration, that she would take us to the treacherous guest chamber, she uttered the word *vraiment* ! in a tone of much surprise. She kept her promise, however ; and led us to the top of the building, where we saw the whole of the extraordinary contrivance resorted to for the purpose of securing a prisoner with a degree of secrecy, which must have set even the curiosity of domestics at defiance.

The place we were taken to certainly did not

resemble "an ordinary chamber," as the girl had called it; though I can easily suppose that it might have done so before the burning of the castle, and its subsequent repairs. The situation and arrangement of the secret descent to the vaults are so remarkable, that I will endeavour to describe them; but in order to do this, it will be necessary to begin from the entrance to the chateau.

The great doorway opens into a vaulted hall or vestibule; traversed at the farther end by a wide passage, leading on the right-hand to the principal apartments of the rez de chaussée, and to the offices on the left. Immediately in front of the vestibule are three pairs of large folding-doors. The one on the left opens upon a flight of steps leading to the gardens; and that on the right upon an enormous spiral staircase: that in the centre our guide did not open to us. In visiting the picture gallery and the apartments of the dowager Grand Duchess, we had mounted by this spiral staircase; and it was by the same that we were now led to the top of the building. On both occasions the construction of this staircase had

struck us as being very singular. It was, as I have said, spiral; but the column around which it turned was of enormous dimensions; and the stairs themselves, as if to be in proportion with it, were at least six feet in width.

On this second occasion, we continued to mount the same flight, without any diminution of its width, for three stories; when we found ourselves in a sort of open garret: and close beside the spot where the spiral staircase ended, our guide pointed to a net-work of iron, fastened by a padlock over a hole that sunk deeper below it than the eye could reach. We immediately perceived that the monstrous staircase we had mounted, wound round this aperture; and consequently, that the castle had been built with a view to this frightful entrance to its vaults. When we again reached the foot of the stairs, our attention was directed to the centre pair of folding-doors; which, it now appeared evident, must open upon the interior and hidden descent. Henry put his hand upon the lock; but the damsel stopped him.

“ Il n’y a rien là, Monsieur, vous avez tout vu.”

We persisted, however ; and at length, half laughing half scolding at our pertinacity, she permitted us to enter.

These large and stately doors opened upon a closet, which had much the air of a butler's pantry ; but upon examination we found that it communicated both with the dungeon below and the secret entrance from above. From this arrangement it appears probable, that in some cases, when the unhappy victim, marked for *oblivion*, was brought into the castle, he was immediately led, by this handsome entrance, into what we may easily suppose might have had the appearance of a small ante-room ; and there, without further delay, lowered to his slaughter-house and his tomb.

Those who love to penetrate into the recesses of old rambling buildings, and to amuse their imaginations by assigning uses to most unaccountable collections of arches, vaults, and passages, should not fail to explore all that part of the castle which opens upon the gardens. Part of this side front is converted into a sort of rude green-house ; but by far the greater portion consists of the most puzzling

and intricate labyrinth of stone and cement that I ever attempted to thread.

We had fixed on this evening to visit the theatre ; more for the purpose of seeing every thing that contributes to the amusement of Baden, than from expecting to find as much amusement within its walls, as we were very certain of meeting without. The building is small, but perfectly large enough for its purpose, which can only be to catch a few of the francs which fly about here so abundantly during the season.

The piece was “ Fra Diavolo :” but this performance of it must not be cited among the musical treats of Germany. Nothing, certainly, could be worse than both music and acting ;—a convincing proof that the rooms are too attractive to leave patronage enough to support a theatre. The most agreeable part of the business ; and which, if the opera had been worth hearing, would have enabled one to enjoy it in great luxury, was the easy way in which the spectators left their boxes, and took a cool promenade upon the walks, between the acts. How different from the penance

inflicted by being shut up for four hours together, without the possibility of stirring!

The performance was over at half-past eight; and we then repaired to the rooms. They were crowded to excess; and we had patiently to advance, inch by inch, before we could reach the scene, which, despite all its hateful features, still continued to excite in us all a species of interest, more resembling that felt by the naturalist, when contemplating the quivering nerves of some tortured subject, than anything else I can think of.

I used formerly to fancy that I understood in what consisted the pleasure of gaming. I thought it arose from an animating vicissitude of hope and fear, which kept the spirits in a delightful flutter of excitement. But this was before I had watched its torturing effects; and I am now utterly at a loss to conceive what the feeling is, which can tempt men to endure so great agony. It can hardly be avarice: for a child can tell, that to lose, and not to gain, is the certain result of playing at a public table, if the gambler does but go on long



enough to see the chances round. Yet if it be not avarice, what can it be?

Excepting to those who feel a strange and tragic pleasure in watching the workings of the human soul, a gaming table must, one should think, be as totally devoid of amusement as the monotonous progress of the treadmill. What can equal in dulness the whining, languid repetition of the croupier's cry, "Faites votre jeu, Messieurs. Le jeu est fait.... le jeu est fait.... Trois.... Quatre.... Le rouge perd, la couleur gagne." And again the weary sound begins—"Faites votre jeu, Messieurs.... Le jeu est fait.... le jeu est fait.... Neuf.... Dix.... Le rouge gagne, et la couleur perd." Yet this is all that gaming offers, besides suffering: for that the hours spent there are in truth hours of acute misery, I feel perfectly sure. I have watched the working muscles, and read the agony they expressed; even where the lips have been firmly set, and the eyes fixed, almost without winking, to conceal it. Even in the moment when Fortune seems to favour the gambler, it brings relief only for an instant; for scarcely

have his feverish fingers grasped the gold, before they tremble, and relax again, to put once more in hazard all that his soul clings to.

Almost every passion has been successfully depicted on the stage; yet I doubt if the pitiful, yet mighty tortures of a gambler, while the agony is on him, could be acted. Beverley's despair is easy to imagine, and probably not difficult to express: but this is totally unlike the state of a man while in the act of playing: and I am pretty sure, that hitherto nothing has been written, nothing painted, that can convey to those, who have never witnessed it, the fearful miseries of a gaming table.

There is something, to a looker-on, peculiarly painful in watching the degradation of such, among the infatuated throng, as were evidently intended for something better. Brave officers, whose blood never fell back upon their hearts when an enemy faced them in the field, turn lividly pale at the sound of "Rouge perd . . . . couleur gagne;" and I have watched men, whose eagle eye, and proud demeanour, looked as if they could not quail before anything on earth, shrink into littleness,

as the gold, they had madly thrown upon the table, was carelessly raked up by the callous bankers. How can such men bear the quiet smile, which these reptiles exchange with each other, when some indication of feeling escapes—when some throb of agony becomes visible?—Perhaps they do not see this;—but I have watched it, till I have expected some ruined victim, mad with suffering, would crush them to death beneath his feet.

But I will dwell upon this hateful spectacle no longer. It ought not to contend in the memory with all the delightful recollections that Baden must leave. The solemn black pine-covered hills, the misty valleys hid among them, the historic interest of their ancient castles, and all the bright fascination of light-hearted gaiety, that revels at their feet, will all, I hope, be remembered, when the frightful horrors of the gaming table are forgotten.

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It was impossible to be within a few hours of Strasbourg, and not visit it. We had already caught sight of its unequalled spire; which, seen even mistily in the distance, enticed us onward:

and though half reluctant to leave Baden for a day which we might certainly have added to our stay there, we yet decided upon doing so ; and rising at an early hour, set off to cross the barrier between Germany and France.

The crossing this barrier is in general not performed without considerable inconvenience : but we had been warned of the ultra strict examination which takes place at the Douane at the entrance of the city ; and took care to have no baggage to annoy us. We were, however, witnesses to one or two searches, which enabled us to judge what we should have had to submit to, had it been otherwise : and I certainly never saw caution carried to so comic an excess. We saw two ragged pedestrians overhauled ; who laughed most heartily during the operation, conscious, poor fellows, that they carried nothing beside their own lawful limbs. But had they been suspected of introducing the most precious contrabands, or the most fearful treasons, the scrupulous douanier could not have done his duty better.

Strasbourg has little that is beautiful to show,

except its church; and that, at least the spire of it, is matchless. The original conception of the whole building was very noble; but it happened here, as it frequently appears to have done elsewhere, either that the funds for the undertaking failed, or that those, who had devoted themselves to the work, were buried within its walls before it was finished. The consequence of this is, that when close to the building, this light and elegant spire, which seems meant to pierce the heavens, is, from the condition of what was intended to be its fellow, rather a deformity than a grace.

The west front is very grand in design and proportions; and almost too profusely elaborate in ornament. It is said that the multitude of little statues which surround the great western doorway are by the hand of a female, the daughter of the architect of the tower. The general appearance of all the external sculptures, which are lavished on every part of the building, and look as if thrown against it by handfuls, is rich to excess; but cannot to my fancy be compared in grace or dignity to the effect produced by those parts of the Cologne

Minster which are finished. The spectator must be at some short distance from the church, on the fortifications for instance, before the beautiful tower can be seen to advantage. Its lightness is such as then to give it rather the appearance of a model, constructed with fine wires, than of an enormous structure of stone. The elegant curves of its spiral staircases are seen from top to bottom; and the light is permitted to pass through it on all sides with a regularity, in the form of the apertures, which gives the idea of a transparent embroidery of flowers.

The interior is majestic from its vastness, but strangely incongruous in style; some parts, particularly the windows, being finished in the highest degree; and others, as the dome, being left rough as the masonry of a rustic bridge. While wandering about the enormous aisles, and examining the side chapels that open from them, I found, as is usual with me whenever I tread ground described by the Scotch enchanter, the exact spot where Margaret of Anjou kneeled; and where the noble Oxford received her last commands.

I entered the church with the intention of climbing to the top of its spire ; but gave it up on listening to the sacristan's account of the ascent. My son, however, who is not easily discouraged by threatened fatigue, persevered in his determination, and achieved the enterprize ; but confessed, when it was over, that it was neither easy nor agreeable. Above half the tremendous height (500 feet) is scaled by steps on the outside of the spire ; and though these are protected by a rail, it is so slight, and its supports are so distant from each other, that it takes but little from its horrors.

It is on record, that three females have been at different times so overpowered by the giddy eminence, which they had reached, when climbing it, that they have thrown themselves off in a momentary fit of delirium and been dashed to atoms. The latest of these awful accidents occurred within the last ten years ; and the man, who recounted the tale to Henry, while he was standing on the self-same pinnacle, told him that he had himself witnessed it. He said that the unfortunate creature was quite a young girl ; and the first symptom

she gave of her senses wavering, was excessive mirth. She laughed and shouted, as if in ecstasy; and having reached a point where nothing intercepted her view of the abyss below, she sprang off, screaming wildly as she fell.

“The sound of that cry, as she passed down, was terrible,” remarked the guide. Terrible, indeed! too much so to bear thinking of.

The protestant church of St. Thomas is another object pointed out to the attention of travellers. Its celebrity arises from its containing the splendid monument erected to Maréchal Saxe; and also the imperishable remains, as they are called, of a Count of Nassau and his daughter. The last of these is an uninteresting, and most irreverent exhibition of the bones of the dead, kept in glass cases, and clothed in trumpery garments, which, it is evident, are occasionally renewed. The Count's face has been refreshed also, being thickly covered by a recent coating of paint. The head of his daughter is merely that of a skeleton; on the bare skull of which is placed a wreath of flowers. There is something revoltingly indecent in thus taking



from the tomb the remains of noble individuals, to whom honour was intended by the ceremony of embalment; dressing them in fanciful attire, and placing them in the vestry of the church, whose sacred roof was meant to cover them, and then exhibiting them for a penny a-piece to all comers.

Far different is the extraordinary spectacle at Kreuzberg; where such of the living, as have nerves enough to stand the awful sight, may well be permitted to descend into the grave, to behold the unaccountable preservation in which some unknown natural cause has kept the remains of the monks who lie buried there. No abortive attempt has been made to save them from returning to dust, by the application of rich balms and precious spices; and the brothers of the community rest there undisturbed beneath their altar, as they were laid by the hands of their friends, each in the weeds of their order. Why they have not followed the common law of mortal mould is a question sufficiently puzzling to justify a strong degree of curiosity; but certainly no feeling at all similar to this is gratified by beholding the disinterred fragments of the Nassau mummies.

The monument of Maréchal Saxe is very magnificent, being composed of many colossal figures of white marble; which are well shown against a pyramidal back-ground of grey. But when we saw it, a living figure stood at its base, which more than divided our attention. It was that of a maniac; but of one who, in losing reason, had still retained so much of grace and dignity, as to show that it is not by his highest attribute alone that man is superior to every other mortal thing.

This unfortunate gentleman was an officer of rank in the French service, and had received a wound in the head. Being a person of large fortune, and perfectly harmless, he is kept under no restraint; except that a servant always attends him, who it is his pleasure should be dressed as a soldier. I never saw a more graceful or commanding figure than that of this poor madman; and the wildness of his countenance and gesticulation often suggested the idea of enthusiasm, rather than insanity. He was dressed in mourning; and the only peculiarity of his attire was the wearing a black silk handkerchief round his body like a military sash. He was conversing in a very animated manner with

a gentleman whom he had casually met in the church, and who appeared to listen to him with the deepest interest: but from time to time he stopped short in his discourse, and uttered a few magnificently powerful and musical notes, as if to try the effect of the reverberation from the vaulted roof; and then he put up his finger in the attitude of one who would enjoin silence, while his uplifted countenance had the expression that one could imagine in a person listening to sounds from heaven. He paused before a monument, whose inscription announced that it was in memory of one who died young. He shuddered—"Si jeune," said he, in an accent of deep melancholy;—"est-il possible!"—then turning away and shaking his head, he added—" *Mais enfin!*" . . . . It was not difficult to follow the course of his sad thoughts.

I have seen many maniacs; but never one with features so like what poetry would choose to represent insanity. There were moments when the struggle between memory and madness was so evident in his fine countenance as to make one's heart ache. How Garrick would have gloried in meeting such a study!

The environs of Strasbourg are perfectly flat; and, were it not for the ever-beautiful line of the Vosges, which is at no great distance, would be totally without beauty. There is, however, one source of interest in the neighbourhood, that would atone to many for the want of all else: I mean its antiquities. The traces, always so legible, and often so noble, of Roman art and Roman power, through the Rhenish territories, cannot be counted as the least among the manifold attractions that draw all Europe to visit them. But here the avenue, through which we look backward upon the past, formed as it is of the relics of every age that has preceded us, reaches beyond the period at which Rome's legions conquered and enjoyed the strong-holds and luxurious baths of Germany. In the neighbourhood of Strasbourg, particularly in the direction of the Vosges, numerous vestiges have been found of idols and of shrines of a much more barbarous and remote antiquity: and I was told by a gentleman, who had passed more than one summer in the pursuit, that an enthusiast in such lore could no where find a region more rich in antiquarian treasures, or more pregnant with uncontradictable theories, than

the remote and solitary heights of the Dachsbourg.

We spent the only evening that we were in Strasbourg in walking to a spot, something between a wood and a garden, called the Robertsau, but which has not the best features of either. We took coffee in one of its bowers, which in busier times might have been a scene of gaiety; but it now wore an aspect of such utter loneliness, and the conspicuous preparations for company, which came not, gave it so mournful an air of dulness, that we lingered not long amidst its unpeopled alleys and untrodden promenades.

We were well rewarded, however, for the fatigue of the walk, by having the tower before us as we returned. It is quite worth while to cross the frontier for the pleasure of looking at this masterpiece.

The good people of Strasbourg were very full of politics and of news at this time: for the riots had just taken place at Basle; and at the table-d'hôte where we dined nothing else was spoken of. The event seemed, I thought, to create more merriment

than alarm. On our return the next day we amused ourselves with talking the matter over with our driver; who, though a German, spoke very good French. He was a lively, gay-hearted young man; and seemed to look down upon *émeutes* and revolutions with a good deal of contempt.

“Après tout, Messieurs, qu’est ce que cela nous fait?—Manger et boire—voilà notre affaire: et pour la politique, s’il faut que nous en parlions, c’est seulement pour être à la mode.”

We reached Baden in good time to dress for our last dinner at Chabert’s. We saw a few new faces, and missed a few old ones; for a day and a half will make this difference at Baden. We were told, by one of our accidental acquaintance, that people of many nations come for a single day; look well at all the various figures collected there; dine in good style at Chabert’s; and in the evening risk a handful of gold at the gaming table. If they win, they pass another day; and so on. But if they lose, they depart the next morning, having “passed a very gay season at Baden.”

On this our last day, we remarked a party

seated at a banquet of more than ordinary splendour. The ladies were all English; and he who gave the feast was evidently so too: for the rest, whiskers and moustaches defied me; but "Rule Britannia," and "God save the King," commanded from the band, showed that English feelings predominated. If I mistake not, one most lovely girl of that party was the object of all the cost and pains bestowed on it. Perhaps the prettiest maiden in the world, as Amadis said, is now become a bride. If so, I hope she looks back to her gay days at Baden with pleasure.

I certainly do not imagine that this gay banqueting room would, for any great length of time, be preferred to HOME; but as a variety, or a visit, it was most amusing. It was almost impossible not to weave the characters so constantly seen there into a romance; and the morning hours, and the evening hours, during which the same figures flitted round me, assisted this so well, that I felt as if living amidst the pages of a new novel. The most remarkable heroes of the rouge et noir table often furnished me with a study, during the interval

of relaxation which they allowed themselves for their dinner. Their tables varied with their fortune. Sometimes the quarter where they sat rivalled a *feu de joie* in noise, so rapidly did the champagne corks fly into the air; and sometimes the very same set dined with the most exemplary sobriety.

Occasionally a party with coal-black eyes, and highly-arched noses, would place themselves round a table; and there one should see no pork: it may be that these were from Francfort. Here might be seen a portly gentleman, with a fair-browed wife or daughter, who looked about him with less curiosity, ate his dinner with more tranquillity, and seemed more at home than the rest: this must be a high-born Baron of the empire. There sat a pair of companions, whose roving eyes had a look of business in them; they spoke in whispers, ate little, and drank less; yet lingered long over their solitary bottle, and looked with no idle glance upon the varying scale of profusion with which the guests were furnished: these probably had deeper recesses for their play than the table of rouge et noir.



There was one pretty woman, who constantly dined at Chabert's while we were at Baden, and occasioned me much speculation. She was perhaps rather more than thirty; her eyes were beautiful, but their expression not such as captivates woman's admiration; her complexion was clear, and, with the help of a little rouge, almost brilliant; and her form exactly such as Rubens loved to paint. She appeared to be rich and independent. No gentleman ever attended her into the room; but when she left it, she was generally accompanied by two or three. Notwithstanding the particularly easy gaiety with which she welcomed every man who approached her, I must presume her respectable, from the society in which I occasionally saw her: but she was certainly a very puzzling personage. This talking, laughing, flirting lady was constantly accompanied by a little girl of about seventeen, who made one's heart ache. She was the most quiet, modest, unobtrusive being I ever looked at. The simple elegance of her dress formed as remarkable a contrast to that of her companion, as her person and manner. No one spoke to her; no one

noticed her; in the ball-room she sat silently beside her laughing friend; she never danced; she never smiled. At the gaming-table, where her flighty chaperone often played, she stood close behind her, with the same gentle look of immovable gravity. Who could have had the barbarity to consign her to such cruel care? If pity really melts the soul to love, she must, I think, have conquered many hearts; for to watch her, and not pity her, was impossible.

Another individual, whose peculiarities made him remarkable wherever he appeared, was a man between thirty and forty; whose face, with the exception of about one inch square below his eyes, was literally covered with hair. He was most hideous: yet there was a bustle and a fuss about him, which constantly compelled one, as it were, to watch what he was about, though it was really disagreeable to look at him. At the gaming-table, at the walks, in dining, in dancing, it was the same; let what might of lovely and gracious be near, this most inexpressibly ugly person was still the thing most looked at. If he played, it

was with gesticulations so vehement, as to win a stare even from those whose hearts and souls were shining on the table before them. Yet these grimaces were clearly for the good of the public; and by no means to relieve his own emotions; for he did not stake high; and was clearly thinking more of himself than his money. On the walks, his overdressed person assumed the movement of a weathercock in a squall. With his glass eternally applied to his eye, he twisted now this way, now that, with such evident consciousness that all eyes were upon him, that every soul in the walks seemed to have entered into agreement to feed his vanity for the amusement of watching it. At table he was, if possible, more ludicrous still: for in eating, he appeared to gratify no appetite but vanity. Every finger was in an attitude, and his eye incessantly roving round the room, to ascertain that they were looked at. In dancing, he waved his beard, his favoris, and his moustaches, as if to fan his partner: and what made this profusion of hair the more comic, was the fact that, spite of careful combing, he was very nearly bald. He

called himself Count *Something*; but whence or how this title came, I never could thoroughly understand. Many, I think, must remember this Orson-Osrick.

But it is time to leave Baden, and all its multiplied and contrasted fascinations; the delightful hilarity of its public walks and public rooms; and the awful solitude of its mountain-paths: of which there are some, where, at the distance of five hundred yards from the subscription rooms, ladies may find themselves wandering among primeval forests; and gentlemen may think, as they stride upward beside the mountain-stream, that they have abandoned the gaming-table for ever.

It is time to leave them all: but I, in common, I imagine, with every human being who ever visited the spot, and left it without being utterly ruined, must and will indulge the hope that it is not for ever.

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## CHAPTER XV.

*Return to Mannheim—German honesty—Bathing at Mannheim, and Baden—Disappearance of the Jesuits—Voyage to Mayence—Douane at Worms—Wiesbaden—Walks—Antiquities—Drinking the waters—Opera—Rooms—Gaming.*

ON the 9th of August, we left Baden-Baden for Mannheim, having hired a carriage to take us there in one day; a distance that I should have thought too long for one pair of horses, being seventy miles, had not the driver assured us that he had repeatedly done it without distressing them. When my son made the engagement with this man, the day before we left Baden, he was surprised by his drawing a piece of five francs from his pocket, and insisting on his taking it as a proof that it was a real bargain between them. Henry repeatedly refused; but the driver as repeatedly declared to him that it was for his own satisfaction, as then "he was sure the gentleman would employ him, if only to

give him his money back ;” and so perfectly in earnest was he, that the contest ended by Henry’s being positively forced to take his pledge that he would be at the door of our lodgings on the following day exactly at six o’clock.

Another trait of one of the same class of men, I think deserves recording. On arriving at Heidelberg we were so eager in our desire to dispatch all the business that must necessarily be got through before we could start for the castle, that while I looked at rooms, my son was engaged in seeing the luggage taken from the carriage. During the time he was thus occupied, our driver followed me, and I paid him for the day’s engagement.

It seems that the man lingered in the town, in the hope of taking us on ; for, a day or two afterwards, he accosted my son in the street, who, recollecting his person more rapidly than he could understand his words, pulled out his purse, knowing that he had not paid him, (as it was his custom to do,) and not having heard me mention that I had done so. From this moment all the poor fellow’s hope of a future engagement was lost in his eager-

ness to declare that he was paid—fully paid; and his entreaties that Henry would put up his purse again, made it very evident that he was not only honest, but most feelingly alive to the pain of being thought otherwise.

We arrived at Mannheim about ten, more fatigued, as it appeared, than our horses; for the driver declared they were still well able to go another stage if necessary; but most certainly I was not. We had the good fortune to find our old apartments at the Weinberg unoccupied; and immediately felt very comfortably at home.

Our first care, on the following morning, was to learn the time at which the steam-boat should start for Mayence. This being three o'clock, we ordered dinner at two, and amused ourselves in the interval by walking about the town and its superb gardens, and in taking a warm bath.

“*Tout est relatif,*” says the French proverb; and I never was more fully aware of its truth than during this day. The pretty garden of the bath-house, and its little vine-covered arcade, overlooking the Rhine, had seemed delightful, the last time I

bathed there ; and the knowing that my bath was from the waters of that “ abounding river,” was quite enough to content me ; but now the exquisitely clear blue crystal of the Baden baths was remembered ; and this from the Rhine seemed absolutely muddy in comparison. In like manner, our comfortable private dinners at the Weinberg had appeared excellent ; but now the vision of Chabert’s restaurant haunted us ; and, like Sancho’s dread doctor, taught us to find fault with every thing.

During our morning walk, we entered the Jesuits’ church while mass was performing there ; and again remarked that the officiating priest had not the tonsure : moreover he wore loose pantaloons and boots ; circumstances which, though of no great importance in themselves, yet spoke loudly of the gradual decrease of veneration for catholic pomp and popish dignity.

Those who run may read what position the now extinguished Jesuits once held in this country. There is hardly a bridge that has not the effigy of a Jesuit, with a crucifix in his arms, placed on its centre : - and along the road, beside every spring,



and repeated at intervals up every mountain-path, the cap of the Jesuit is conspicuous.

The voyage from Mannheim to Mayence is almost entirely without interest, unless it can be found from your fellow-passengers; and seldom have I felt more weary of the thump, thump, thump of the steam-engine than on this occasion. Some degree of excitement was produced, when we reached Worms, by our being officially informed that “*Les employés de la Douane grand-ducale Hessoise*” were coming on board to examine the effects of all the passengers, as we were now entering that territory. Though conscious I had smuggled nothing, the idea of having our entire wardrobes turned out upon the deck was annoying; but we prepared ourselves for it as well as we might, and each stood, keys in hand, awaiting the officials.

As soon as the vessel stopped, four *gensd’armes* came on board, attended by a *chef de bureau*, who all proceeded diligently to exercise their unpopular calling. I walked towards the scene of action; and saw them unfolding the minutest parcels, tumbling over caps and frills, and unrolling nicely-packed

engravings; all with a cruel, hard-hearted sort of civility, which left nothing to complain of, but every thing to lament. At length this unfortunate box was done with; and the unhappy face of its owner relaxed, as she relocked it, from the expression of misery which had been visible upon it from the moment the hidden treasures of her trunk were exposed to the garish eye of day. A second was seized upon; and another victim stepped forward to minister to her own misery by offering the key. But the first fervour of anti-smuggling zeal seemed to have expended itself: a hand thrust down on each side now sufficed. The third was merely opened to be closed again; and then the *chef* gave a signal; the men ceased their operations, moving off with military promptness, and the business was ended. As some dozens of trunks and portmantaus escaped untouched, I imagine this search is instituted rather for the purpose of declaring and maintaining the right to it, than from any fear of smugglers.

The river begins to recover its beauty just above Mayence. Oppenheim, Nierstein, and the pretty

rambling village of Weissenau, cheer the eye very agreeably for these few last miles.

Having greatly disliked the hotel *Des Trois Couronnes*, at our first visit to Mayence, we now went to the *Cheval Blanc*; where, however, we fared still worse. Dark, dirty, comfortless, and most full of villanous smells, did we find it; and our first business was to secure an open carriage for the morrow, to take us, before breakfast, to Wiesbaden.

The drive from Mayence to this fashionable watering-place is very agreeable; though it possesses none of that startling beauty that we had lately been accustomed to. The immediate approach, however, is extremely splendid; the buildings being all new, regular, extensive, and handsome. But the charm of Baden is not to be found among them; at least it was not found by me. There is nevertheless much to admire; and had I never seen Baden, or had I been surrounded by a large society, I doubt not that I should have discovered some of the attractions I have so often heard attributed to it. One of the faults that it had in my eyes will certainly mend with every passing year: but at present

there is a look of unmellowed newness in the *Grande Place*, that would rather lead me to call it staring, than noble. The colonnade, in front of the pretty little shops, is certainly very gay; and the great saloon at the Kursaal may well be called magnificent. It is, I believe, the largest room in Germany, being one hundred and seventy feet long, wide in proportion, and of a noble height. It is superbly fitted up with native marble columns; between which are statues and busts of fine white marble, after the antique.

In this room there is constantly, during the season, a table-d'hôte capable of accommodating 300 persons, by means of two tables, which run the whole length of the apartment. On one side of this immense banqueting-hall are rooms for play, very elegantly furnished; and on the other, the offices of the restaurant. Behind these beautiful and extensive buildings, are gardens, laid out à l'Anglaise, with fish-ponds, lawns, shrubberies, and neat gravel-walks. Seats are scattered through every part of these pretty grounds; and immediately behind the Kursaal, an extensive platform is

filled with tables and chairs, where the company assemble both before and after dinner,—the gentlemen to smoke, and the ladies to knit. All this (except the smoking) is very gay and agreeable; but still it is not Baden; and still less are the long interminable rows, which seem to interdict all conversation at the table-d'hôte, to be compared to the delightful circles round the well-appointed tables at Chabert's; nor can all the magnificence of the double rows of marble pillars, stretching down the hall, atone for the want of these appointments, and, again, still less, perhaps, for the lamentable inferiority of the repast. But meditation on things absent by no means contributes to the enjoyment of things present; and being at Wiesbaden, I determined to see all its lions, and admire them too, with as few references to any rival lions as possible.

There are several pretty walks, and, beyond all doubt, many beautiful rides and drives within reach of the baths. Among the walks, I can name two which I thought particularly agreeable: the first was by the path which leads from the Kursaal gardens to the Dietenmuhle, and from thence to the

interesting ruins of Sonnenberg;—the other is to Clarenthal, and the pretty *Foulon*, with its *salle de bal*.

The whole neighbourhood of Wiesbaden is rich, beyond almost any other, both in Roman and Teutonic antiquities; and it was here that Charlemagne, when residing in his favourite palace of Ingelheim, indulged himself in the luxury of warm-bathing, which he is said to have so dearly loved.

Whether it be that the Wiesbaden springs are more medicinal, or that the surpassing beauty of Baden draws more healthful idlers thither, I know not; but it is certain that there is a much greater appearance of *invalidism* at the former than the latter place. At Baden, I never saw any symptom that indicated want of health, in any of the motley throng assembled there; but at Wiesbaden, the morning promenade is singularly sickly in appearance. A long straight walk, shaded by pollarded acacias, leads from the Kursaal, and all the splendid hotels near it, to the spring. From half-past seven to nine, this walk is filled with the most

uncomfortable-looking set of ladies and gentlemen that I remember to have seen. Several of them certainly appeared out of health; but the great majority seemed to submit gratuitously to the penance of swallowing the nauseous and steaming potion which each held in his hand. The spring from whence these unsavoury draughts are taken is situated at the end of a broad alley, which turns at right angles from the avenue before mentioned. This, too, is shaded by acacias, and the smoking source has a circular awning over it, under which stands a man to rinse and fill the glasses for the young hygeian priestess who presents them to her sad-looking devotees. The water-drinking hours at Cheltenham sometimes present groups where the tint of the primrose, and even of the jonquil, overpowers that of the rose; nevertheless, I cannot remember to have witnessed there anything approaching in *tristesse* to the morning assembly around the spring at Wiesbaden. The water, when taken from the source, is much too hot to drink; and it is therefore, I presume, that each melancholy pilgrim, on returning from the shrine, bears a

reeking glass, which ever and anon is raised to the lips, with most unequivocal symptoms of distaste, while with slow and languid step each paces up and down till the beverage becomes cool. As, spite of their complete metamorphosis in dress and demeanour, I contrived to recognize many of the drooping invalids of the morning among the gay crowd that filled the Kursaal in the evening, I was led to hope that their maladies were less painful than the remedy to which fashion and good-fellowship induced them to submit.

The only point in which Wiesbaden has the superiority over its more distant rival, is in its opera. The troop is from Mayence, and far from contemptible. Boieldieu's pretty opera of "La Dame Blanche" was performed the night we were there. Some of the airs are exceedingly pleasing (the Scotch ones not the least so), and the orchestra is by no means bad. But, for a time, I believe, Francfort has very nearly spoiled us for operas.

On leaving the theatre, we went to the rooms, and again looked upon the thinly-veiled horrors of



a gaming-table. I here witnessed a little manoeuvre, which shall be related, for the instruction of the unwary. Immediately before the place where I stood, sat two persons, one of them pre-eminently well-dressed, and apparently on terms of great intimacy with the other, who was much younger and much less elaborately elegant. They both staked high, and with varying fortune; but the younger man chose his colour best, and was at one time the winner of many gold pieces, which lay heaped before him. Just at the moment when his good fortune was at its height, some one, who stood close to me, spoke to him. He turned his head;—and his elegant friend, stooping a little forward, and turning his head too, (as if to follow the eyes of the other,) gently, delicately, and most skilfully, abducted one or two of the gold pieces; which, before the young man was at leisure to obey the monotonous “*faites votre jeu, Messieurs,*” of the croupier, were quietly conveyed to his pocket. How I longed to expose him! But the ardour of my indignation, though it made my heart throb, and my cheeks tingle, was yet insufficient to inspire such

noble daring. It would, indeed, have been about as wise, as attempting to rescue the honey of some silly bee from the centre of a nest of hornets.

The Sunday banquet at the Kursaal has an air of great splendour, for the whole of the immense saloon is filled with guests. The amiable and popular Duke of Nassau has a hunting-seat near the baths; his beautiful chateau of Bieberich is also at no great distance; and, while residing at either of these palaces, it is his custom to appear in public every Sunday at Wiesbaden, and dine at the table-d'hôte of the Kursaal. This good-humoured condescension contributes greatly to his popularity, and is the source of a handsome revenue to the restaurant: for, on these occasions, it appears, that though the tables are stretched to the utmost extent of the immense hall, they are always fully furnished with guests.

The gardens behind the Kursaal were exceedingly gay on the Sunday we passed at Wiesbaden; and for the last half-hour before dinner, the esplanade, on which the rooms open, became thronged. But whether it were that my fancy was so be-

witched by Baden, that it could be satisfied with nothing else—or that, in truth, I only saw things as they were—it certainly appeared to me that there was much less of fashion and elegance in this crowd, than in that which had daily animated the walks at Baden.

On the evening of this day the gaming-table was crowded; and once more we saw folly and misery hand in hand, seeking destruction, and calling it amusement. No women played, but many were occupied by watching the chances of the game. There was one party standing close to mine, and among them was a lady, who discoursed more eloquently by her features, than the generality of her sex, while so young and so fair, have yet learned to do with their lips. I could almost repeat, in sober prose, what has been so well expressed in verse, and say “her body thought;”—so strongly did every delicate but powerful feature speak scorn and loathing of the occupation, and the beings engaged in it. Yet, plain as this language appeared to me, it should seem that it was not equally so to all; for a towering moustache, who

stood near, having the air of a man of fashion made up for the season, had the effrontery to address her, with “*Mettrai-je pour vous sur la table, Mademoiselle ?*”

I hardly know pencil or pen that could do full justice to the look which answered this. It was not the startled glance of a terrified girl, abashed and frightened by an impertinent freedom; but resembled far more the steady eye-beam that I once saw Mrs. Siddons dart at Comus, before she replied to him; and I almost expected to hear

“ I had not thought to have unlocked my lips  
In this unhallowed air.”

The man absolutely quailed before her, and his craven glance replied as plainly,

“ She fables not—I feel that I do fear.”

Indignation seemed to conquer, for one moment, all feeling of timidity; for it was not till the next that she blushed; and then neck, cheek, and brow mantled so painfully, that she drew the old gentleman, on whose arm she leant, from the table; and

retreating through the crowd, as hastily as its closeness permitted, left the room.

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One of the prettiest features at Wiesbaden is the row of gay shops under the colonnade. These form a sort of bazaar in the open air; and the fantastic costume of the venders, both Tyrolese and Swiss, gives the whole scene the air of a fancy fair. I think a good imitation of such costume might furnish a very agreeable variety at any rustic fête, where the ultimate object may be to make both the talents and vanity of the rich minister to the necessities of the poor. It would be too attractive for a London sale, but would do excellently well in the country; and the fair artisans might be rewarded for their kind-hearted industry by a dance on the green, after they had disposed of their wares being ready clad in the prettiest dancing dresses in the world.

It appeared almost as general a fashion to sup at the Kursaal, as to dine there; but the parties at supper ate *à la carte*, instead of being supplied as at a *table-d'hôte*. The whole arrangement, how-

ever, is immeasurably inferior to Chabert's. During supper on the last evening of our stay, we were regaled by the music of an excellent band of Jewish musicians. They had with them a boy of about ten years old, who sang deliciously;—but listening to him was like watching the beautiful colours of a dolphin while expiring: the life and being of his sweet voice was evidently perishing under its display.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

*Nassau Scenery—Langen-Schwalbach—Nassau—Ems—Pleasant Rencontre—Kurhaus—Public Rooms—Excursion to Braubach—Fortress of Marksberg—Boat on the Rhine—Pilgrims—Attempt at Suicide.*

THE drive from Wiesbaden to Ems is much too varied in its beauty to admit of detailed description. There are points of it equal to anything, even in the neighbourhood of Baden itself. And it is here that I would wish to lead all those who, while they speak disparagingly of the Rhenish scenery, in fact know nothing about it,—beyond what may be learned from catching a hasty glance at the side front of a rock, or through the tangled entrance of a dark valley, from the deck of a steam-boat. I imagine that all who are accused of laudatory exaggeration upon this subject, and are said, according to the usual phrase, to “rave about the beauty of the Rhine,” have become familiar with the various indescribable scenes which are to be found among

the intricate recesses of this portion of the Nassau territory. The voyage between Bingen and Coblenz is the part of the river expedition which least disappoints the floating tourist; but it is behind the cliffs, whose "castled crags" diversify the right bank, during the whole of this distance, that the most beautiful scenery is to be found. The capricious variety of rock, and forest-covered hills, the dark, deep, lonely valleys, the narrow pathways leading up to the wild sequestered ruins hid among them, the pretty windings of the silvery Lahn, with, from time to time, bright glimpses of the "exulting river" that flows through the sunny landscape in the distance, altogether make this region a source of exceeding enjoyment to the real lover of Salvator-Rosa-like combinations.

The baths of Langen-Schwalbach, or Schwalbach, as it is generally called, are situated between Wiesbaden and Ems, and make excellent headquarters for those who do not wish to enter into the constant dissipation of either. The strengthening and restorative effects recorded of the waters are such, as to make it wonderful they are not more



resorted to by English invalids : I was assured that, though both Ems and Wiesbaden often overflowed with English, it was rare to hear that any of our countrymen made a permanent abode at Schwalbach. Nothing, however, can be more quietly agreeable than the aspect of the place. The singularly wild and lovely country in its neighbourhood is made accessible by innumerable pretty pathways ; the lodgings are cheap and commodious ; and the hotels, as far as one dinner can justify an opinion, are well-ordered and comfortable. We passed only a few hours here ; but, had time permitted, I would have willingly remained as many days.

The celebrated Seltzer spring is at the distance of six leagues from Schwalbach ; and though this likewise rises amidst beautiful scenery, the place is almost too much one of traffic, from the immense quantity of the water exported, to be an agreeable residence. The hot spring of Schlangenbad, which is considered as highly salutary, is about two leagues from Schwalbach ; but notwithstanding its reputation, the extreme beauty of the scenery, and the comfortable accommodations of its hotel, it is still but little frequented by foreigners.

From Schwalbach to Nassau, the beauty of the country seems to increase at every step; and on approaching the latter town such a collection of picturesque objects crowd together to greet you, that this little place, poor and forsaken as it looks, seems expressly intended for a princely residence; and, were I its noble duke, my capital should still be there.

From this lovely spot to Ems the road runs by the side of the Lahn; and the rocks and mountain forests which diversify the opposite banks of the stream, and the vine-covered heights that rise above the road, give the approach to this scene of elegant dissipation such an air of sequestered loneliness as might befit the entrance to the valley of Rasselas. The contrast is very great on driving onward beside the public walks;—the change is almost as sudden as if wrought by the wand of Harlequin;—for, while still in the very height of picturesque enthusiasm, watching the clear reflexions of rocks and trees on the tranquil bosom of the stream, we suddenly found ourselves between a row of hotels on one side, and a crowded public walk on the other. A full band, playing some of Mozart's popular airs, was stationed in a bower-like sort of orchestra,

within a few yards of the horses' heads as we passed;—veils, parasols, and whiskered exquisites moved in chequered maze before our eyes;—and all the sights and sounds of a gay watering-place surrounded us.

It was, probably, the suddenness of this change which made me feel, in quitting the carriage, something like the sensation of being lost in a crowd. The day had been passed in a manner to make one almost forget every thing, but the woods and wilds we had been traversing; and at the moment I would rather have found my quarters under shelter of the lowliest roof in the forest than amid the brilliant gaiety of Ems. This moodiness, however, vanished completely half an hour afterwards, when, having secured apartments, we stumbled, by the luckiest accident imaginable, upon the agreeable English acquaintance we had made at Godesberg. The value of such a rencontre at a foreign watering-place is infinitely greater than it could be anywhere else; because the company there are seldom sufficiently stationary to make introductions of much use; and, without some such lucky chance in his favour, it is a hundred to one against a passing

traveller's having the advantage of knowing a single individual of the animated throng moving round him. This fortunate meeting, however, not only secured us from that most melancholy of solitudes which is found in the midst of a crowd, but immediately put us *au fait* of all that it was most agreeable to know of the place and the people.

Ems cannot attempt a competition either with Baden or Wiesbaden, as to its public walks and rooms. A low-roofed sort of pavilion by the side of the river is all the preparation yet made for assembling, either for dancing or play; and little decoration has been bestowed on the walks, beyond some rather unsightly trees, planted in rows, and a few benches placed at intervals among them. But the little valley is itself so beautiful, that it certainly wants nothing to adorn it; and it is perhaps best for the numerous invalids who flock to the springs, that the temptations to indulge in late hours and crowded rooms should not be increased.

A long irregular street, containing the hotels, which accommodate nearly all the company at the baths, runs along the base of a rocky ridge, called

the Bædersley, which forms one side of the narrow valley of the Lahn. Some of these hotels contain excellent rooms, but none have any pretensions to magnificence: there is, however, one among them, which, if vastness be held a quality of sublimity, may perhaps be entitled to that still higher epithet. The Kurhaus, as this enormous pile is called, is as remarkable for its rambling, irregular construction as for its size. Three hundred beds were occupied in it when we were at Ems, and I was assured that it had room for many more. This ungainly edifice touches the Bædersley rock on one side, while the other is separated from the river only by a narrow gravel path; the carriage-road passing through the hotel under an archway. This singular building belongs to the Duke of Nassau, who derives a considerable revenue from the rent of its almost innumerable apartments. Each room has the amount of its daily rent marked over the door; and an agent of the Duke is constantly in attendance to receive the daily or weekly returns. The table-d'hôte at this house is too large to promise much comfort. I saw a table there laid for three hundred

persons, but felt no inclination to make one of them. Many of the smaller establishments have the reputation of a better table; that at the hôtel de Russie I can venture to pronounce excellent.

We did not fail, according to our Baden and Wiesbaden custom, to go to "the rooms," the first evening we passed at Ems; but we soon found we had no business there, and made a hasty retreat. Two or three apartments were open to the public; but they were ill-lighted, and looked almost desolate: a few groups of ladies and gentlemen, evidently strangers, like ourselves,<sup>1</sup> were passing through them; but the only company appearing to be there by right consisted of about a score of singularly ill-looking persons, seated around a rouge-et-noir table. It seems that the more elegant and aristocratic mischief at Ems is carried on at the private lodgings of the parties engaged in it; but I fear it must not be presumed, from this, that gambling prevails less here, than where its theatre is more public;—on the contrary, that most hateful process, by which the cool and calculating villain fleeces the thoughtless and unwary,

is said to be often in full action here. At rouge et noir Folly stakes against Fortune; and though the odds are terribly against Folly, she may generally look for fair play; but where Knavery makes Fortune his thrall, and forces her to take the credit of all the tricks he may choose to play, poor Folly is badly off indeed.—And Ems has been the scene of more than one gambling tragedy.

The morning after our arrival at the baths, our friends having proposed an excursion through the forest, to Braubach, and the fortress of Marksberg, on the Rhine, we gladly set about preparing for it. In addition to the sociable hired for the occasion, our party required the assistance of two donkeys; and as it is the fashion to be very active, and do a great deal of business before breakfast at Ems, we crossed the Lahn by its little bridge of boats, which looks like a miniature imitation of those on the Rhine, and were among the first customers at the picturesque shed, where the herd of saddled donkeys stand to be hired. There is nothing more peculiarly characteristic of the place than this shed, and its accompaniments. Many of the ex-

cursions amidst the beautiful country in the neighbourhood are through roads that are better traversed by the feet of donkeys, and mules, than by any less humble beast; and accordingly, the demand for them is so great, that ninety-six donkeys, and four mules, are to be seen every morning, gaily caparisoned, with a proportionate number of attendants, each eloquently, and somewhat clamorously, recommending their own particular beasts. Every individual quadruped of this numerous herd is labelled on the forehead with a number; and some of the numbers which belong to the strongest or best-managed donkeys are as well known throughout the place, as the names of the most distinguished personages.

“Forty-seven! forty-seven!” exclaimed more than one voice among the applicants who began to arrive. But we had already the happiness of having secured the beautiful zebra marked forty-seven.

“Twenty-two!”—“Seventeen!”—“Fifty-six!” bawled the eager customers; while the proposal of other numbers, backed by the assurance of their respective merits, was bawled louder still by the



drivers. Fortunately, a police-officer is always in attendance, to prevent the spirit of competition from becoming troublesome, or any exorbitant charge being made; and his occupation appeared to be no sinecure.

This important business happily arranged, we re-crossed the bridge; and in our way to the *hôtel Des Quatre Saisons*, our friends led us to the source, at which it is the fashion for all the world to prelude their breakfast by a smoking glass of brackish water. This spring rises in, or is at least conducted to, a strange, dark chamber, supported by pillars, situated under part of the *Kurhaus*. It is open to the street, and entered by many archways;—these are, nevertheless, not sufficient to prevent its having a dark and gloomy appearance. It is, however, under this sombre shelter that all the smart shops of Ems are to be found, and the scene is singular enough. On this occasion, we had not time to amuse ourselves long with its peculiarities; for the misty morning was brightening into a lovely day, and we were anxious to set out upon our expedition.

Beautiful indeed was the road which now led us to the banks of the Rhine, and wild as beautiful. We mounted the steep hill rising on the left bank of the Lahn, only that we might dip again into a dark deep chine, where nothing less than mid-day sun could chase the eternal gloom of the thick forest which clothed its sides. Again we mounted, and then, over the world of dark woody hills which rose and sank around us, we caught sight of the bold broad stream, seeming as though it carried light and life through the landscape. We had still, however, many a steep mile, both up and down, to go, before reaching Braubach; but, whatever our horses and donkeys might think of it, I could have wished for more miles still, for each seemed lovelier than the last. We passed a *maison de chasse*, belonging to the Duke of Nassau, the walls of which were ornamented with antlers, some of them very noble ones. Under the shelter of the wood close by, is a sort of rustic ball-room, the orchestra of which is arranged with a taste so truly sylvan, that none but Pan, or his disciples, should presume to play there.

From this point the road began steadily to descend towards the Rhine; and, ere long, we reached the curious little town that was to be our *gîte* for the day. Here towers, too old to convey any certain indication of their origin, but renowned by legends and mysteries innumerable, divided our attention with the lovely Rhine, which flowed close to the pretty garden of our hôtel. I almost regretted that there was anything else to see; for many a summer's day might be well spent in looking only at the scene which the terrace of that garden gave to view. But the fortress of Marksberg rose majestically above our heads; our donkeys were pronounced to be in good condition to start again, and, turning our backs upon the river, we prepared to mount the steep but beautiful path that led to this last of all the Rhenish fortresses.

Mrs. W——, having already seen the castle, wisely decided upon enjoying the cool and tranquil luxury of the Braubach garden; and I set off with the rest of the party. Had I trusted to any feet less sure than those of the steady quadruped on which I was mounted, I might have felt, and not

unreasonably, some alarm from the nature of the path. It was narrow and steep; its boundary, on one side, often precipitous; and, worse still, the summer drought had showered upon it so many loose stones, and treacherous rolling pebbles, that many a step was abortive, leaving the *piéton* rather lower than when he made it. Nevertheless, we reached the bare and rocky summit in safety.

Never, I think, from any of the various points whence I have gazed upon the Rhine did it look more glorious than from the little platform before the gates of Marksberg. The day, the hour, was all that summer could give of best and brightest—just clouds enough to temper, by their flitting shadows, the too fervid splendour of the stream; and a breeze, that seemed sent on purpose to fan those who had laboured up that toilsome rock;—for all below it was so hushed and still, that not a vine-leaf trembled.

Major W—— had either knocked, or rung, or blown a horn, or given some signal or other to the sentry, notifying that we wished to enter, for, long before we had “gazed our fill,” we were informed,

with all military courtesy and promptness, that his Excellency the Governor permitted our approach.

Marksberg is the only fortress in Nassau, and, moreover, the last solitary remnant of the castled strong-holds of the Rhenish nobility. This alone remains to tell us what they were "in the ancient days, in the generations of old:"—and, till the dark chambers of its massive towers, its rock-hewn stairs, its deep and nameless recesses, and the terrible array of its chamber of death, have been visited, the imagination of the tourist may strain itself in vain to picture forth these castles as they have been in their days of power. I doubt whether the most accomplished engineer of the present age, if his *savoir* be wholly modern, could describe this fortified castle intelligibly: I may, therefore, be easily forgiven, if, while I recommend that every one should go to see it, I add the assurance that it is impossible for them to understand anything about it till they do. On entering the gates, almost every object had in some degree a military air. Stands of arms rested against the massive walls: soldiers were busily engaged in cleaning their caparisons,

and a few sentries appeared on duty at different posts.

A non-commissioned officer was appointed to attend us, who did so with a courteous civility which spared not either his time or trouble; and I much question if he ever before acted as guide to a party so insatiably curious. The fatigue, however, was not all his own. I feel certain, that I could have traversed every corner of Ehrenbreitstein with less labour than it required to grope through the utter darkness of some of the Marksberg passages; to thread the mazy windings of others, amidst masonry that seemed to prepare a trap for head or shoulders at every step; or to clamber up the ladder-like staircases, two feet at the very least for every step, which led to the central tower. But this last feat once accomplished, we were fully rewarded for all the fatigue it had cost. Not only the Rhine, both up and down its course, here so thickly studded with variety of beauty, spread out its shining glory before us; but the old roof and towers, immediately beneath our eyes, had an interest which almost prevented our looking at anything

else. Our conductor pointed out two towers, in each of which a prisoner of state was then confined : the sentence pronounced against one of these was for forty years, and twenty-two was awarded to the other. We exchanged a shuddering glance with each other as we heard it. Our conductor saw this, and quietly remarked that in most countries the culprits would have forfeited their lives. "The sentence was a just one," he continued :—"had their offence become general, the peace of the country would have been destroyed ;—and many innocent would have suffered, instead of two guilty ;—besides, it is probable that the punishment of both will be greatly remitted."

This was both reasonable and consoling ; and upon the strength of it, we looked down again upon the roofs, which shut in those erring mortals, with a feeling, which, spite of their crimes, we would gladly have communicated to their hearts.

Not from this point, but afterwards from the river, we perceived, in each of these prisons, a small glazed window, which doubtless gave air and light to the captives. Both of these openings overlooked

the beautiful Rhine, as it flowed far, far below, as well as the lovely greenwood shades on the opposite shore ; but I felt doubtful whether more pain or pleasure would be caused by this. To look upon the boundless freedom of nature, and know that it is not for you, must be worse, I think, than not looking upon it at all. Nothing certainly can exceed the dismal security of these awful prisons. Like almost every other castle on the Rhine, Marksberg stands aloft, on a high and barren rock ; and the intricacy, darkness, and roughness of the ways, which lead from the prison towers to the outward gates, must preclude every hope of escape, as long as a single sentry remains faithfully to guard them.

Having accomplished the descent from this central tower—a task hardly less arduous than the getting up—our guide led us into a bare, black-looking, ill-lighted chamber at the bottom of it ; with no furniture but a huge mass of timber, somewhat in the form of our English stocks, but greatly larger and heavier. I was rather startled at being told that this was the place of execution, and that



dismal apparatus the instrument of it. The fatal machine was placed in the middle of the room; and while we all stood round him, silently gazing on it, the soldier explained to us the manner in which it was used. Suspended above it, is a beam with a pulley-wheel, and behind it a windlass. The criminal is secured in the stocks, and his arms pinioned, while a rope, which passes through the pulley, is put round his neck, and then—the slightest touch at the windlass is enough. The whole appearance of this frightful engine spoke its antiquity. A passage, that opens from this room, leads to one of the prison chambers; below this, and deep sunk in the rock, are dungeons,—too terrible for the use of the present day,—but the iron door which led to them was shown us; and, as if to bring the fact home to our senses, the soldier picked up a stone and threw it hard against the ringing metal. The Secret Tribunal itself has hardly anything more fearful-looking than the dark, grim, steep slope that leads downward to this iron door. We were told here, and also at the village below, that a passage exists, bored slanting through

the rock, from some part of this fortress, to a tower which still stands close upon the water's edge; but that many years have elapsed since any use has been made of it.

Having fully satisfied ourselves that nothing was left unseen, of which we could reasonably hope to obtain a sight, Major W—— sent a message to the Governor, by a serjeant, requesting permission to wait on him.

This Governor is an old man, born in the fortress. His father was governor before him, and he has himself held the station above forty years. In short, he is so completely part and parcel of the place, that a visit to it, without seeing him, is by no means what it ought to be. Major W—— had been introduced to him at his last visit by an officer of rank; and his present application for an audience was most graciously received. Never, surely, was any one better fitted for the station he held than this old man. Hard-featured, weather-beaten, and with a frame that seemed as hard as the rock on which it was produced and nourished, he looked as if he could have no sympathies with the

world below. And, instead of pitying him for the manifold privations of his recluse existence, I felt disposed to make him a compliment on the singular felicity of a destiny which had placed him in the only situation he was fitted for.

The old gentleman did the honours of his eyrie-like apartments very politely—showed us the pictures of his father and of himself, and led us from window to window, to point out the beauty of his bird's-eye view over the rocks and vineyards which divided him from the world. After this satisfactory reception I remounted my donkey, and enjoyed the downward path, commanding as it did at every turn some newly-discovered beauty, infinitely more than the ascent; though it was sometimes so steep, that, to avoid slipping over the head of the animal, I preferred walking by its side.

We found Mrs. W—— and a capital dinner waiting for us; and the hour of rest and refreshment, which followed, was certainly not the least agreeable of this delightful day. After dinner it was decided that we should have a row—or rather a tow—upon the Rhine; for, in order to enjoy the

gratification of boating upon this rapid river, it is necessary to submit, either first or last, to the slow and painful-seeming process of being towed up the stream. On this occasion, we determined that the least agreeable part of the voyage should be made first; and accordingly, the wife and son of the boatman harnessed themselves, by cords, to the head of the mast, and drew us slowly and steadily along.

About a mile and a half above Braubach is a mineral spring, called the Dinckholder, the waters of which are so exceedingly bitter, that no invalids have as yet taken a fancy to them. The spring is sheltered by a rude hut, and stands at the entrance of one of those fairy valleys which it is so difficult to pass by without threading, for some distance at least, the windings of the brook that waters it. But our day was wearing itself fast away, and we were fain to content ourselves, as we glided slowly past, by looking up its green recesses, as far as they were visible, and sending on imagination to reconnoitre all that were not.

While we were all occupied in gazing on this fair

and slowly-moving landscape, a beautiful doe, startled, probably, by the gentle ripple of our boat, sprang from behind the shelter of a patch of vines immediately above us. The timorous animal bounded upward, from crag to crag, with an agility that seemed more like flying than any movement requiring the assistance of the feet; and we presently lost sight of her: but the boatman told us, that we were lucky to have caught sight of her at all; for, though the forests abounded with her tribe, they rarely approach so near the haunts of man.

After an hour's towing, we turned our boat to the middle of the stream, and indulged in that most delicious of all movements, the floating down it, without the disturbance either of sails or oars. While silently, but intensely, enjoying this, we were suddenly roused from the reverie, into which we all seemed to have fallen, by a loud and measured chant of many voices from the bank. Looking in the direction whence it came, we perceived a number of peasants, both male and female, amounting, I imagine, to forty or fifty, walking slowly, and as if in time, to the cadence of their

voices. They were pilgrims, the boatman told us, going to a shrine about twenty miles farther up the river. This is, I believe, by no means an unusual occurrence in this part of the country; but the sound of their voices, as borne to us across the river through the sweet stillness of evening, had a delightful effect; and, for us, the rencontre possessed all the additional charm of novelty.

Our homeward drive was as delightful as the soft clearness of a summer's evening sky could make it; and we returned to Ems, more convinced than ever, that, in order fully to enjoy the beauty of the Rhine, it is necessary to pass many such days as this; sometimes on its banks, sometimes on its bosom; but always with the power to pause and look around wherever the scene is fairest.

On crossing the little bridge of boats over the Lahn, as we returned, we observed an unusual commotion at the end nearest the town. A considerable crowd was in the act of dispersing, as we drove through it; and one of our party, who lingered behind to inquire the cause, presently followed us with the frightful intelligence, that a

gentleman, believed to have sustained severe losses at play, had mutilated his head in a most dreadful manner, by discharging a pistol in his mouth, which had, however, failed to kill him; and that, utterly unable to give any account of himself, and totally without money, or any written document about him, he had just been carried down from the forest, in which he had been discovered, to an hôtel, where he lay, speechless from the injury done to his mouth, but perfectly sensible, and awfully conscious of his deplorable condition.

Did the fearful business of the gaming-table go on that night? The players must surely be something more or less than men, if it did.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

*Kurhaus Bazaar—German Ladies—Anecdote of Napoleon—Gambling Fanatic—Donkey Excursion to Pfingstwaide—Table-d'Hôte—English Party—Reasons for English Shyness—Unnecessary in Germany—Anecdote of a timid English Traveller—Duke of Nassau—Departure from Ems—Road over the Taunus Hills—Ehrenbreitstein—Coblentz—St. Goar.*

ON the following morning, we were again on the walks at an early hour, and, accompanied by our friends, revisited the spring under the Kurhaus. It was crowded with company, and I was introduced to many noble ladies, who, each in her close straw bonnet and simple morning gown, gave no other outward indication of high rank than by the quiet grace of her manner. How heartily I wish, that, in our national passion for foreign novelties, we would take a fancy for introducing German instead of French fashions! The unaffected simplicity, and thorough-bred dignity, of a German woman of rank, are worth all the coquettish *agaceries*



of the most accomplished Parisian belle that ever received the stamp of bon ton—either at home or abroad.

One of the ladies, to whom I had the pleasure of being presented, during my short stay at Ems, was the Countess d'H——. The father of this lady was one of the many conspirators against the life of Napoleon; he was arrested, and condemned to death. Before the day fixed for his execution, his wife, a high-born German lady, obtained admittance to the Emperor, and besought her husband's pardon, in that tone of deep and true feeling, which generally finds an answering chord to vibrate with it in the hearts of others. Napoleon was vexed — distressed — doubting — and deeply touched. The trembling wife stood before him, waiting a double doom. "Madame," he said at length, "while such proof as I have here," (drawing a paper from a bundle, that lay on his table,) "while such proof as I have here exists, I cannot pardon your husband." As he spoke, he placed in her hand a paper, in which the crime was too surely acknowledged, under the signature of the

accused. She clasped the scroll firmly, and fixing her eyes on those of Napoleon, read something, even as he turned them from her, which gave her strength to rush towards the hearth;—and, in an instant, the record had blazed and perished. The happy, but trembling woman, once more sought the eyes of the Emperor, but in vain; one hand hid them from her view, and the other waved her from him. The sentence against her husband was revised; and proof of his guilt being imperfect, the doom of death was changed to that of banishment.

Whilst parading through the motley throng that bustled through the bazaar-like sort of arcade below the Kurhaus, the idea of Esper George often rose upon my fancy: and I looked about to find something, that I could take for him, or his ghost: but though I could never quite satisfy myself in this, I was led to the glove-stand of an original, quite as whimsical, but much less amiable. I know not to what nation he belonged; but some of the party led him into conversation, which he carried on, partly in English, and partly in French, or German, I really forget which; but a more

ludicrous picture of fanatical hypocrisy, than he contrived to give in speaking of himself, can hardly be imagined.

“Were you at the gaming-table last night?” said a gentleman, addressing him.

“Oh fie, Sir! how can you ask me such a question? I was in my business, Sir, until I went to rest.”

“But I saw you at roulette, on Sunday night.”

“Sunday, Sir, is quite a different thing. I played on Sunday in the name of the Lord. Whatever I do on Sunday is in the name of the Lord; that sanctifieth it, let it be what it will.”

After breakfast, accompanied by the same agreeable party as on the day before, we set off, all mounted on donkeys, to visit the Pflingstwaide silver mine. The road took us up one of the pretty valleys that lead from the Lahn; and the excursion enabled my son to collect some beautiful specimens. This valley leads to a picturesque ruin, opposite to, but about a mile beyond, the mine: we were, however, obliged to content ourselves with looking at it in the distance; and to turn the

heads of our troop homeward, from the necessity of finding ourselves ready for the table-d'hôte dinner, at one o'clock, at the Hôtel de Russie, where we had bespoken places. Our friends were particularly anxious that we should dine there, as they happened to know the set, which was composed of many distinguished individuals; and they moreover expected some amusement, from the oddities of an additional party who had also bespoken places there. To make the scene which followed intelligible to the reader, it will be necessary to repeat the particulars of a conversation, which took place a day or two before, between the gentleman who related it to me, and another, who is the hero of my tale. This conversation occurred, I believe, in the public rooms; the parties were strangers to each other, but both were Englishmen. Whether my friend, who, for distinction's sake, I will call Mr. A., addressed the stranger, who shall be named Mr. B., or was addressed by him, I cannot say, but the following dialogue ensued:—

Mr. A.—“ You find the Kurhaus a comfortable hotel, Sir? ”

Mr. B.—“ Yes, indeed—for this country.”

Mr. A.—“ And the table ? ”

Mr. B.—“ The only fault is, that they serve my table with too great variety.”

Mr. A.—“ You do not, then, dine at the table-d'hôte ? ”

Mr. B.—“ At the table-d'hôte ! Oh no ; Mrs. B. would find that utterly insufferable—quite out of her way.”

Mr. A.—“ I have never dined at the Kurhaus. It has, I believe, a very large society. At the Hôtel de Russie the party is much smaller, and so very agreeable, that I think you would find it much pleasanter than dining in your own apartment.”

Mr. B.—“ Really ? I would certainly make the experiment—for the novelty of the thing—could I induce Mrs. B. to consent. I will propose it to her—as a frolic.”

Mr. A.—“ I hope you will succeed, Sir.” And, so saying, he left him.

Before we started in the morning for the silver mine, our friend had called at the Hôtel de Russie, to bespeak our places at dinner. In the dining-

room he had met Mr. B., who told him that he was there for the same purpose; having, though certainly not without some difficulty, prevailed on his lady to consent.

We now, therefore, repaired to the table-d'hôte, with some curiosity to observe the effect it might produce on our fastidious countrywoman. As no single room in the Hôtel de Russie was large enough to accommodate all the company expected, two were prepared; and we had taken our chairs in the smallest,—because nearly every individual of the party, who usually dined there, was known to our friends. These were nearly all assembled when we entered, and among them were a Russian Prince, a German Count and Countess (the lady being a relation of the King of Bavaria), a German Baron of the Empire, and his lady, and several others;—the party altogether amounted to about twenty;—a pleasant and sociable sort of intimacy appearing to exist between them all. We had just taken our places, when the family of Mr. B. entered. It consisted of two ladies and three gentlemen. Mr. B. led in his lady;—and

a stout-hearted Mr. B. he was, to venture upon bringing such a lady into a presence she deemed unworthy her greatness. The expression of her countenance, and, in particular, the attitude of her nose, which truly seemed

“Commercing with the skies,”

presented, by far, the finest piece of comedy I ever saw off the stage.

The noble party, seated at the table, bowed at their approach. Mrs. B. instantly stood stock still—as if petrified by their audacity.

“This, I believe, is the *second table?*” said she aloud, turning her reproachful eyes upon her husband:—but, being assured by the civil attendants that it was at this table that her place was taken, she sat down;—with much such an air as Juno might do, if obliged by the Thunderer to remain in company with some earth-born damsels, whom he favoured too highly.

The dinner proceeded: it was really excellent—but the grimaces of Mrs. B. were better still. When the soup was put before her, she shuddered; and,

making a sign with her hand that it should be removed, exclaimed—

“*Can* they believe it possible that I should eat that?”

The unfortunate bouilli and cucumber, so little relished by the generality of the English, succeeded; then came some dish that she ventured to taste; but, though Mr. B. honestly and bravely pronounced, looking at her, too, almost full in the face, “This is very good,” she ate it as if every mouthful were a sacrifice offered on the altar of conjugal obedience. Mr. B. endeavoured to look lively, and at his ease; and every now and then attempted to converse with his party: but his topics, chosen, perhaps, with the amiable wish of propitiating his lady, were not particularly new.

“It is certainly very singular, that no nation but the English can learn the elegancies of life—no salt-spoons, you see! and fish after fricandeau!—so absurd!”

Just at this moment, the Countess, who was seated at the head of the table, took off her bonnet, which one of the noblemen near her received from



her hand, and hung upon a peg against the wall. I have seldom seen a lovelier, or more dignified head than this action made visible. Her beautiful hair was very tastefully arranged, and confined by a narrow bandeau, which passed across her fine forehead. Mrs. B.'s horror was now at its zenith. Her look plainly spoke her complete conviction, that she was in very bad company indeed;—and her indignation found vent in a whisper, not *quite* audible, which speedily induced her vexed and penitent husband to lead her out of the room.

That cases, so extreme as this, of blundering fastidiousness, occur but seldom, I am willing to admit; but that they should occur at all is to be lamented: and the more so, as the effect, left upon the memory of those who witness them, is much deeper than they deserve, and tends to confirm and justify that dislike of English manners, which is so general on the continent. Another instance of the same sort of temper occurred a short time before, at one of the less frequented springs. A party had remained together for some weeks, were nearly dispersed, three only remaining. These were the

Baron F——, who had been Minister from his own court to that of St. James's; a general officer, who was governor of the district; and a nobleman who had the honour of being related to the Royal Family of Prussia. They were standing at the window of the dining-room, in which the reduced table d'hôte was about to be served, when an English carriage, with two young men in it, drove to the door.

The three gentlemen congratulated each other upon this augmentation of their small party; and when the door opened, and the young men entered the room, they were greeted by a smiling bow from each of its occupants.

Without taking the slightest notice of this salutation, one of the Englishmen, pointing to the table, said, "Qu'est ce que c'est que cela?"

"La table-d'hôte, Monsieur," replied the waiter, "on va servir à l'instant."

"Table-d'hôte!" exclaimed the indignant young traveller, "we never dine in public, Sir."

And, having spoken these awe-inspiring words, he strutted out of the room, to the extreme amusement of the noble natives.

It is vexatious to hear such stories as these, knowing them to be true, yet knowing, at the same time, that they no more furnish a likeness to the better species of English, than do the caricatures in the print-shops of the Palais Royal. But, of all countries in the world, it is most vexatious that this vulgar sort of ostentation should be displayed before the nobles of Germany. They too have pride, and in abundance, perhaps; but they keep it as they do their armorial bearings—it belongs to their house, but it is seen rather on the coat of their footman than on their own. Their nobility, however, is never lost sight of, nor forgotten; and they have, therefore, no need to take any ostentatious or ungraceful means of proving its existence. Where every one knows his place, and keeps it, there can be no danger of jostling. It is the eternal effort of every set amongst us to elbow themselves into the places next above them, which occasions that sort of self-protecting attitude so extremely distasteful to people of all classes on the continent.

A German tradesman has, at no time, the slightest

intention of being mistaken for a German noble: nor has the noble any fear of being classed as a tradesman; and it is this, as I imagine, that produces the remarkable difference between a mixed assembly of English and a mixed assembly of Germans.

But, unhappily, the present is no time for us to hope that we may follow their excellent example: it is not while an active and powerful party are directing all their efforts to break down the barriers which mark the different classes of society, that it would be wise to advocate such a tone of manners as might aid the work of anarchy among us. It is not in England, divided against herself, as she now is, that this graceful, easy, benevolent sort of intercourse between all ranks can exist. A little reflection on the subject might, nevertheless, teach the gently-nurtured classes of England to walk more fearlessly over the uninclosed field of German society. The delicate and inoffensive lines of demarcation are sufficiently visible; and, where none are inclined to remove them, there can be no necessity for erecting palisadoes, *chevaux-de-frise*,

or any other style of hostile barrier. These could but disfigure the graceful and harmonious arrangement, and should never be resorted to but in cases of absolute necessity. Happy the land where such necessity exists not! This is one of the points in which we must shrink back from a comparison with “well-ordered Germany;” and the mortification of allowing this is the greater, because every genuine description of our national manners, as they were in the days that are gone, gives as delightful a picture of the tie that united us all, with no entanglement from the doubtful situation of any, as Germany herself can show.

Woe betide those who would remove the sacred landmarks, that have served us so long and so well! Should they succeed, our best and wisest will forsake us—absenteeism will become as general in England as in Ireland—and those who have done the work will then have leisure to gaze upon it; while drooping commerce, expiring art, outraged religion, and polluted learning, shall each raise a dying voice, to thank the parricide patriots as they deserve.      \*      \*      \*      \*      \*

Wiesbaden is now considered as the capital of Nassau, and is, in fact, the seat of government; but there is no point of the duchy which does not appear to be often benefited by the immediate influence of its amiable and popular sovereign. From all I heard, it should seem, that his withdrawing his presence, long together, from any part of his small but beautiful dominions, would be more likely to cause disaffection among his subjects than anything else he could do. To avoid this, he divides the year among several residences; and his arrival is hailed around each as a source of pleasure as well as honour. Few people have the power of producing so much individual happiness as the Duke of Nassau; and not many, it may be feared, testify so constant a disposition to use such power well. The manner in which this beneficent sovereign is spoken of, throughout his whole territory, and the excellent effect of power and goodness united, so visible in every part of it, may certainly be considered as not the least among the many good things, which this rich little dukedom presents to the observation of the traveller.

Our summer was not half long enough to permit our enjoying all the pleasure such a journey is capable of affording;—and yet we made the most of it;—but now, again, we had to lament the necessity of leaving much unseen, in order that a project, formed as we passed up the Rhine six or seven weeks before, might be fulfilled. The quiet little village of St. Goar was the spot then fixed upon for a week's stay, that we might explore at our leisure the country near the Rhine, at the point where it is the most beautiful. We still remained constant to this purpose, and decided upon leaving Ems for Coblenz; from which place the steam-boat would take us up the river on the following day to St. Goar. We should have left this very pretty place with yet more reluctance, had we not arranged to meet, at Francfort, the friends who had made that city so particularly pleasant to us.

This being settled, we set off for Ehrenbreitstein;—and a lovelier drive than that over the Taunus hills no traveller could desire. Almost immediately on leaving Ems, the road winds up a deep ravine, which cuts through the hills at right angles to the

Lahn; and, after slowly mounting by curves and turnings for two or three miles, we were placed aloft some hundred yards above the valley; though hardly farther in a direct line from Ems than when we quitted it; but still we had not yet attained the summit. Beautiful beyond description were the downward views, which we caught in every direction as we ascended: and, when at length we reached the top, such a splendid burst of distant landscape opened before our eyes, as drew forth almost a shout of admiration from us all.

It is on this mountain road that the frontier of Prussia is again passed, and we were stopped for a few minutes while an officer of the customs placed a leaden seal on our baggage. Soon after this, we began the steep descent of the Rotenhahn into the valley of the Rhine, and reached Ehrenbreitstein at about five o'clock in the evening. We were now close to this prodigious fortress, and spent some time in examining the unequalled extent and wonderful strength of its masonry. It will be long, I think, ere any human power will venture to attack it. An earthquake might contrive to shake its rock-



like bastions, or overthrow its sturdy towers; but I can conceive no inferior force capable of effecting this. Having satisfied our curiosity, as much as the time permitted, on that side the water, we crossed the bridge of boats, and finished a long day by exploring that part of the town of Coblenz which we had not seen at our first visit. We had then made directly for the Moselle, which took us through the oldest part of it; but we now passed by many more modern squares and streets, and found it a much handsomer city than we had imagined.

The following morning, at half-past five o'clock, we were again steaming up the Rhine. I believe there is some natural secret antipathy between me and a steam-boat; for, though other people seem to enjoy it, I do not; and yet I can scarcely tell why: for the noise of the engine, though incessant and teasing, is not very loud; and the movement, though perpetual and tiresome, is by no means violent; while the view on all sides is quite uninterrupted, except by the accidental intervention of hats, caps, bonnets, and parasols. Yet, with all these quali-

fications, reducing its annoyances, a steam-boat is not agreeable to me. I long to get on shore, probably because it is impossible to do so;—and the more beautiful the objects on every side, the more discontented I grow at being whisked past them.

The greater part of this voyage I passed in the pavilion;—a symptom of sulkiness, of which I afterwards repented; as, just before we left the boat, I found a distinguished Englishman on board, with whom I was extremely happy to make acquaintance.

We reached St. Goar before eleven; and, within a quarter of an hour, were completely and most delightfully settled in an hotel that overlooked the river. And here my perfect enjoyment of the Rhine began; for, always excepting our one delightful day at Braubach, I had never till now looked upon it, or its lovely banks, with any feeling of true, leisurely, unmixed satisfaction.

Our landlord having informed us that the table-d'hôte was at *half-past twelve*, we employed the interval in arranging our sitting-room, and placing writing-tables and drawing-tables in the most in-

viting positions. We had each our own beautiful window, and the river ran so nearly under it, that no object was seen to intervene between us and its glassy wave. The view from these windows might last a landscape seeker for a month; or, indeed, as long as summer clouds and summer sunshine should continue to vary with their delicious vicissitudes the effect of every object within their reach. Immediately opposite to St. Goar, rises the bold peak on which stands the dark ruin of Katzenellenbogen castle; at its foot lies the miniature town of Petersberg, with its old towers and walls; and at a short distance is the pretty village of St. Goarhausen. The little town is watered by a brook which reaches the Rhine through one of the loveliest valleys in Nassau. This is a bold assertion; but I fear not to challenge contradiction from any who have followed its windings. The Katz cliff forms one side of the entrance to this; and another rock, higher and bolder still, guards it on the other. Though the front of both these heights towards the river is so precipitous as, in some directions, to appear almost perpendicular,

their whole surface is covered with patches of vineyards; some of which, hardly a yard square, nestle among the bare crags. How these are nourished is incomprehensible; and how they are dressed, pruned, and plucked, still more so. Half a league lower down the river, but still in full view of our windows, is the Thurmberg, sometimes called the Maus, perched, like its neighbour Katz, upon a rock, barren and bare by nature; but, by the almost inconceivable labour of man, converted into precious vineyards. Welmich and its mining valley disappear round the base of the Thurmberg rock, and terminate the distance in that direction. Looking upward, the river makes a turn so sudden round the famous Lurley rock, as to give it the appearance of a lake.

We had each of us just completed our separate establishment, and each satisfied ourselves that our own particular chair commanded the most perfect view, when the dinner-bell and the waiter informed us at the same moment that dinner was ready.

Six or seven Prussian officers, and the master of the hotel himself, formed the whole party. As

the military gentlemen took no notice of us, they debarred us from the pleasure of their society. But this circumstance must by no means place them as exceptions to the national amenity of manner, which is so remarkable throughout the country. These gentlemen were in permanent quarters; and the persons, who may occasionally dine at the table-d'hôte at St. Goar, must be so completely birds of passage, that it would be hardly fair to expect these officers should break up the conversation of their mess—for such, in fact, is the upper end of the table—to pay attention to nameless strangers, whom they would never see again.

As soon as dinner was concluded, we commissioned our host to engage a boat for us, for the whole afternoon, which he did for about four shillings English. We dropped down the river for about a mile; and, by the help of a pair of oars, slanted across to Welmich. Our first object was to climb the rocky pinnacle, on which the Thurmberg ruin stands; and having learned the best road to it—in truth there was but one—we began the task. The ascent was steep and the path narrow, yet I

went boldly on, till we reached a sharp corner, round which it was necessary to turn.

The reader must have a head as weak as my own,—which heaven knows I would wish to none,—or he will not appreciate my sufferings on first looking down, and perceiving the peril of my situation. I had determined upon exerting both courage and strength to achieve my object; and pushing onward, without looking to the right or left, remained perfectly unconscious how frightful was the spot on which I stood, till one glance showed me the sheer precipice sinking beneath me on one side, and the solid rock rising upright at about two feet from it on the other. I became dreadfully giddy, strange noises seemed to ring in my ears, and I trembled so violently that had I been alone I must have fallen. In none of my wanderings had I ever been in a situation of so much terror. To advance or retreat appeared equally impossible, and I stood for some minutes with my eyes shut, endeavouring to collect intellect sufficient to decide on what to do. With great difficulty, and much real suffering, I at length scrambled up to one of the little nooks, about

six feet square, whereon grow the scanty vines. Here I took refuge, my eyes being relieved from the agony of gazing on the depth below, by the grape leaves; among which I placed myself, while my kind and merciful companions, laughing as little as they could, took measures to release me. As I sat alone on this tiny platform, studiously avoiding to look upon the beautiful river, into which I could easily have dropped a pebble, I remembered too late the poet's warning—

“ Seek not the giddy crag to climb,  
To view the turret scathed by time;  
It is a task of doubt and fear  
To all but goat, or mountain deer.”

But, unfortunately, no such wisdom was in my thoughts, when it might have availed me.

It was not long before my two friends returned with a rope, obtained at Welmich; this they fastened round the stem of one of the vines, and by means of holding it in my hand, I gained sufficient courage to get below the perilous turning, which, good cragsmen as they were, both confessed to be frightful. The danger once over, however, I could myself laugh at the excess of terror I had felt, and fully

enjoyed the scene that awaited my arrival at the foot of the rock. The whole population of Welmich were out to receive me, which at this hour consisted of women and children, the men being at work in the neighbouring mines. These poor people had seen my situation, and appeared to watch my descent with much interest; though they must have thought the danger altogether imaginary, as they all climb like goats, and dress their vines in places where to me it seemed impossible to stand.

After this adventure, we entered a little *gasthaus* (Anglicè, inn), and asked for milk and brantwine. Of the first they brought a small cup, perfectly sour; of the last they had none, but produced some villainous schnapps instead. Having reposed for a few moments, we asked the sulky-looking, heavy-browed Caspar Melchior—for such was the doubly regal name of the host—what we were to pay. He told us we had better return, after the walk we proposed taking up the valley, and we should pay him then. To this we agreed, leaving a cloak or two that had been brought in the boat.



We then proceeded in our walk, which must not be described, lest the wild and lovely beauty of the ravine, through which it led us, should tempt to a wordiness of admiration,—not the less wearying to the reader from being only half as much as might be said of it. We passed the mouth of a mine, whence Henry brought some beautiful specimens; found the best possible point from whence to look at the spreading ruin of the Rheinfels on the opposite bank of the river; collected some lovely wild blossoms; and then returned to the gast-haus of Caspar Melchior. I thought the looks of this man exceedingly detestable at our first visit: never did a countenance more candidly confess its owner's character. We repeated our demand of "What have we to pay?" and, after a little hesitation, he demanded a dollar. Our boatman, who had come up to meet us, laughed, but said nothing—"Half a dollar then," said Melchior. The boatman again shook his head; upon which I laid upon the table a sum which I knew to be more than double his due, and we walked off with the boatman, and the lad who accompanied him to tow us up. On

reaching the landing-place we found Melchior already there, foaming with rage. The boatman made a sign to us to embark, which we did, while the lad fastened the rope round his shoulders, and prepared to draw us on. Seeing this, Melchior drew a large open knife from his bosom, and sprung upon the boy, who saved himself by instantly yielding the towing-rope to his hand. Having thus made us his prisoners, he again approached the boat, armed with his frightful knife. Never, certainly, did three men, in very great and justifiable anger, behave better than my two young men and our boatman. The ruffian Melchior was a pitiful little fellow, that either of them might have jerked into the river in a trice; but it was plain he rested his security on my terror of a fray; and he was right, both as to my feelings and their attention to them. I prevailed on them to let the boatman give him the half-dollar he clamoured for, and we departed.

Our first feeling, after this outrageous assault, was naturally a wish to bring the ruffian to legal punishment; but, remembering that St. Goar was

in Prussia, and Welmich in Nassau, we thought any process against him must give more trouble than he was worth, and the idea was abandoned.

If any scene could have charms sufficient to soothe the disagreeable irritation produced by this adventure, it was that which surrounded us on our twilight return to St. Goar. The ripple of our boat, as it passed through the water, with now and then a few strokes of the oar, to assist the towing-rope, was the only sound that broke the profound tranquillity of the evening. The river never looks so lovely as at this hour; like beauty beheld through a veil, every feature is softened and harmonized; and the imagination, delighted with all it sees, is in a mood to ascribe a charm, more perfect still, to all it does not. When we reached St. Goarhausen, the lad who towed us sprung into the boat; and we could have been well contented had our two oars pulled us across to our hotel less hastily. But though the voyage was short, it had sufficed to calm our angry feelings. Caspar Melchior was almost forgotten, and if, as we took our delightful Francfort tea, we

exclaimed, " Bless me, how refreshing !" it was by no means in the spirit of Lady Wormwood.

While thus engaged, and with our lamp placed at the farthest extremity of the room, to prevent its glare from interfering with the silver grey of the landscape, we were agreeably surprised by the notes of a French horn, extremely well played, immediately below our windows ; and more delighted still when the same notes, repeated from the other side of the water, sunk away into a most delicious "dying fall" in the distance. Then the horn below blew a blast, sharp, loud, and strong, and presently it was answered, not by one only, but by many in succession ; the last being evidently stationed amidst the ruins of the Rheinfels, at a short distance below. While we were still listening with mixed wonder and delight, the waiter entered to express his hope that we were pleased with the echo. Pleased we assuredly were ; yet, even after this explanation, some feeling of doubt rested with us all, as to the possibility of a duet so perfect being thus performed. To increase our wonder, or to remove our scepticism, the performer ran

through a multitude of capricious passages on the instrument, which were each and all repeated with such clear and smooth distinctness, that I began to think the sweetest orchestra in the world was to be found amid the rocks of St. Goar, and that, one single human leader being provided to give the spirits the key, no better music need be wished for than its haunted hollows could furnish.

The next morning our party divided; Mr. H. placing himself on a mass of rock on the edge of the river, to take a sketch of the "cat and the mouse," as our countrymen call the two ruined castles on the Nassau side; while Henry and I set off to look at the celebrated Lurleyberg, amidst whose inaccessible caverns dwells, as the neighbouring peasantry believe to this day, one of that pretty amphibious class of spirits which is called *Undine*. Below this rock is the well-known whirlpool called the Gewirr; and nothing but the most resolute determination not to listen to her sweet beguiling voice can save the navigators who pass it from being engulfed. Though this danger is, as every body declares, so well known, and the security of the precaution, if obeyed, so perfect, it nevertheless

frequently happens that men perish beneath this stupendous rock. Unhappily, this part of the story is no fable. The immense rafts, by which the timber of the Black Forest is brought down the Rhine, often lose, in rough weather, one or more of their men at this point of their voyage. That portion of the numerous crew which is stationed at either end of the vast machine, with oars to accelerate and guide its movements, are very liable to be dashed from their wet and slippery stand by the violence of the struggling eddy which they have to combat; and not unfrequently the thongs connecting the various portions of the raft together give way, putting life and property to desperate peril. There is something very poetical in the superstition which has grown out of this danger. This Lurley rock is a spot so awfully beautiful, and the echo which every sound awakens so likely to captivate and enthrall the attention, the whole of which is wanted for the difficult task of navigating the dangerous Gewirr, that it is not difficult to understand how the legend arose, nor how it has been so long believed.

The walk from St. Goar to the grotto by the road-

side, immediately opposite this remarkable rock, is one not easily to be rivalled in any country. All who have been upon the Rhine, or its banks, will probably remember to have heard the report of a gun, and a few notes from a French horn, as they passed this spot. These are produced by a man who spends his life, or at least his summer life, under the scanty shelter of this grotto, for the purpose of awakening the marvellous echo of the Lurleyberg for their amusement. We sat down with him, and he seemed exceedingly happy to talk a little. He spoke extremely good French, and entertained us with the popular legends of the most celebrated places in that most superstitious of all regions. The Pfalz, the Gutenfels, the Rummelstein, the Schonberg, were all, according to him, the scenes of most dire and dreadful transactions; and so many holes, caves, whirlpools, and eddies are haunted by divers kinds of spirits, that it was only necessary to treasure, with due faith, a small portion of his chronicles in the memory, to believe that every leaf that moved in the breeze spoke with "most miraculous organs."

In the course of our conversation, he gave us to understand that it was he who had played a duet with the echo the night before, for our amusement. I told him that I believed it was all a trick, and that some one was stationed on the opposite bank to produce the illusion.

“Vous le croyez, Madame?” said he, quietly; and, taking the instrument in his hand, he produced one of the wildest and prettiest capriccios I ever heard. We listened for what was to follow, and, for an instant, I felt disposed to believe that his performance was intended to prove me right; but then began the response; and on it went, through every sweet vagary, so clear, so firm, so perfect, that the phenomenon might well give rise to superstition through all the country round.

Having enjoyed our surprise and admiration, he changed the conversation, by observing that we had met with a troublesome adventure the last evening. We expressed our surprise at its having reached him.

“My home is at St. Goar,” he replied; “and Melchior is too well known *partout* for such a



story not to be talked of." He then proceeded, in his narrative vein, to tell us that this Caspar Melchior had a brother, who resembled him perfectly in his *morale*, though totally unlike him in *physique*, for he was a perfect Hercules, whereas the Melchior we had seen was comparatively a pigmy. These two men, he said, had been guilty of repeated acts of violence, which had exposed them to temporary punishment! but that crimes, much worse than any yet proved upon them, were strongly suspected. He hinted something of a traveller, who had complained of extortion, and had never afterwards been heard of; and he remarked that *miners* had opportunities of doing dreadful deeds. He talked so long and so eloquently upon this theme, that I began to be very thankful the river flowed between us and this fearful Melchior; and I would not recommend travelling ladies, who, like myself, may love a solitary ramble up these romantic chines, to indulge the fancy where the population are chiefly miners. We extended our walk about a mile beyond the grotto; and, while retracing our steps towards St. Goar, had the good

fortune to be overtaken by one of those prodigious accumulations of timber, in the shape of a raft, of which we had heard so much. On the Neckar, the Main, and the Mourg, I had seen the constituent parts of this gigantic whole ; but neither the number of these, nor all I had been told of the magnitude of this monstrous fabric, had at all prepared me for its vast extent, or the singular effect of the numerous population it carried, which amounted, as we were told at St. Goar, to nearly four hundred men.

Fortunately for the gratification of our curiosity, we were exactly so placed as to see it pass the whirlpool ; and, upon this occasion, I am happy to say, that the quadruple row of stout rowers, at each end, evidently thought more of attending to the preservation of their lives than to the syren voice of the Undine of the Lurleyberg : for, with equal judgment and strength, they made the flexible divisions of its enormous length bend and twist through the tortuous passage in perfect safety. The moment this was achieved, the whole crew uttered a joyous shout ; and then Undine an-

swered, but so cheerily, that this time it was evident she had no sinister object in view, and raised her voice only as a *vivat* to their success. In the middle of this floating plain was placed a lofty stage, on which stood a man, who seemed on the look-out, and to command the movements of the rest:—there were also six very comfortable little dwellings, with glazed windows, at different parts of the fabric:—in short, the little rafts we had seen dashing down the rapids of the Mourg were, in comparison to this, of which they perhaps made part, like a single house to a large city. Before we reached the hotel, we were passed by the two steam-boats of the day. Both had much company and many carriages on board; but that which was going down had by far the most, giving indication that the height of the season was past.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

*“ God save the King ”—Village School—Prussian Education—Freedom of the Press—National Education—The Rheinfels—Country above St. Goar—Students—Smoking—Churches—Excursion to Rheinstein—The Pfalz—Bacharach—Prince Frederick’s Castle—Caspar Melchior—Nassau Scenery—Boating disagreeable—Star-light—Vine-dressers.*

WHILE loitering through the street of St. Goar,—if that may be called a street which is open on one side to the river,—we were surprised at hearing our own beautiful national hymn pealing from a large building near it. I doubt if the most heartless radical could hear “ God save the King ” in a foreign land without some pleasurable emotion ; for my part, I could not resist the temptation to enter the open door, and discover who the parties were who showed so excellent a taste in choosing an air, let the words to which they applied it be what they might. This building I found was used as a school-house, and on each side the door had a large room,

one for girls, the other for boys. It was the male part of this youthful population whose shrill voices were pouring forth the notes so familiar to our ears. They sung the air in parts, and with wonderful correctness. Our accidental visit to this school led me to make some inquiries concerning it of our civil and intelligent landlord. In this little village, as in every other part of the kingdom of Prussia, the education of the people is the business of the state. So deeply are the benevolent and philosophical lawgivers of this enlightened country impressed with the belief that the only sure method of rendering a people pre-eminently great and happy, is to spread the light of true knowledge among them, that the government leaves not the duty of providing instruction for the children of the land to the unthinking caprice of their ignorant parents, but provides for them teachers and books, selected with a degree of vigilant circumspection which would do honour to the affection and judgment of the tenderest father. Nor is this all:—not only are the means of instruction thus amply and admirably provided, but the children of the people

are not permitted to absent themselves from school on any plea except that of sickness, which must be authenticated by the certificate of a physician.

This system, already so prolific of the happiest results, has attracted the attention of all Europe; and England, among the rest, is said to be taking a lesson on this most important branch of government, from the benignant absolutism of Prussia. Assuredly she cannot do better; but let her not put in action one part of this immensely powerful engine, while another part, on which the whole utility of its movement depends, is left neglected. Woe betide the politician who shall labour to enforce, by law, the art of reading; while he slothfully, viciously, or from party spirit, continues to advocate the unrestricted freedom of a press, which fills every village shop with blasphemy, indecency, and treason! Let him not dare to imitate the pure and holy efforts of Prussia, to spread the blessing of knowledge through the land, till he has manfully set to work to purify the source whence it is to flow. He who shall best succeed in making the power of reading general throughout England,

while this monstrous mass of impurity is permitted to spread its festering influence through the country, will have a worse sin to answer for, than if he forced all to drink of a stream he knew to be poisoned. In Prussia, the purity of all that issues from the press has become so completely a source of national pride, that, were the parental care which guards it withdrawn, it would, I have been well assured, be long before vice would grow sufficiently audacious to attempt speaking by so uncorrupted an organ. Infamy would dog the heels of the publisher, and prompt justice be done on the miscreant author, who should dare to violate the sacred pledge, given by the king to the people, that sin shall not be the fruit of that knowledge which he has thought fit to enforce.

Another vitally essential part of the Prussian scheme of national education is its watchful religious superintendence of practical morality.

It is so very easy a thing to teach children to read and write, that, were these the only objects in view, it would be scarcely worth while for the government to interfere about the business. A

very poor man may contrive to pay two-pence a week to obtain this for his children; and multitudes may easily get my lord, or my lady, or the squire and madam, to pay it for them. But it is the cautious, systematic selection of persons proper for the office of teachers, and the impossibility that individual whim should interfere in the choice of them, which can alone ensure a profitable national education.

And how is this all-important business transacted with us? In some places, a teacher is appointed by the clergyman, who would regulate his parish school with the same anxious care which he exercises in the government of his own family. In others, some vain and canting Lady Bountiful has the power of nomination,—and selects a person who shall look sharply after the uniform, and take care that the children show themselves off well, upon all public occasions.

In one village, a stanch constitutional Tory shall exert his utmost influence that the little people about him may be brought up to fear God and honour the king. He may watchfully see them led



to the venerated church of their fathers, and teach them to look up, with equal love and respect, to the institutions of their country.

In the very next, perhaps, a furious demagogue may insist that every lesson shall inculcate the indefeasible right to rebel. And, if the poor rogues be taught any religion at all, it may be with the understanding that each and every of them, when they are big enough, will have as good a right to be paid for preaching as the parson of the parish.

What can that whole be, which is formed of such discordant elements? And would it not be better for our rulers even to enforce such a mode of instruction as might give a chance of something like a common national feeling among the people of England, instead of letting them be blown about with every wind of doctrine, as they are at present?

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In coming up the river, one of the objects which strike every body, as being among the most picturesque and noble on its banks, is the ruin of the Rheinfels. Its fine position, and the contrast between the colour of its wide-spreading walls and

the dark background afforded by the wooded hill behind bring it out upon the eye, as the boat swings round the sudden turn of the river at Wilmich, in the most imposing manner.

To explore every corner of this majestic pile was one of the projects which helped to decide us in fixing on St. Goar for our head-quarters, during the week devoted to our Rhenish rambles. In addition to its magnificent aspect, it had the attraction of much historic interest. The original formation of a strong-hold on this commanding point was conceived by Count Diether the First, of Katzenellenbogen, in 1242;—a personage whose name figures so frequently in Rhenish history, that this spot, on which his ambition and rapacity made the boldest stand, and occasioned the most important consequences, cannot be passed with indifference. It is recorded that this Count Diether built the fortress of the Rheinfels for the purpose of enforcing tribute from all the boats that passed it; and it was to contest this self-constituted right that the first celebrated Confederation of the Rhenish towns was formed, which ultimately produced the destruction

of nearly all the strong-holds on the river. Having repeatedly changed masters, it came at length to be annexed to the territory of Hesse-Cassel, when an immense sum was expended to repair and enlarge its fortifications; but, in 1794, it fell, after a very short defence, into the hands of the French revolutionary army, and was subsequently destroyed by gunpowder. Full of all these interesting reminiscences, we approached the venerable remains by a beautiful terrace-road that, cut in the side of the hill, shaded by noble trees, and commanding Cat, Mouse, and river, to perfection, leads up to it from the town. We found that, notwithstanding its ruined appearance, all its outworks were not destroyed; for, though we peeped in through various apertures, the only entrance was by a padlocked gate. After some time, however, we succeeded in discovering where the key was deposited, and obtained admission by the payment of a trifling fee, and the penalty of being followed, through our romantic, enthusiastic, antiquarian researches, by a guide whose explanation we did but half understand. This last circumstance was, how-

ever, of small importance, as we discovered forthwith;—for no explanation of the present, no legendary lore of the past, could give interest to the dusty accumulation of stone and mortar that surrounded us. I will certainly never again take any particular trouble to visit the remains of a dilapidated fort; so utterly devoid do they appear to me of all those features which excite the imagination when penetrating among the relics of a baronial castle. All, I think, that can be said or felt concerning the one is, that the position was good or bad; while every gateway, every turret, every staircase of the other sets all the poetry of the spectator to work, and leads him, at once, into the region where fancy best loves to wander.

From the imposing aspect of this most deluding ruin, as it appears from the Rhine, I really expected to find something almost as glorious as Heidelberg;—but a comparison between Tintern Abbey and a dilapidated limekiln would not be at all more extravagant. To a military man, however, it may, perhaps, be full of interest;—but let no woman ever more break her shins, or dust her

sandals, among the unromantic *débris* of the Rheinfels.

The road which continues from this enormous fort to the top of the hill is well worth following, for the sake of the view it commands. But a still more beautiful walk, to the fine table-land above St. Goar, is by the side of a winter watercourse, the path to which commences at the other end of the town. This path was not followed without some struggle with my constitutional dislike to precipices; but the effort was well rewarded.

Having attained the summit, a perfectly new style of country opened before us. While labouring up the steep ascent, I expected to find the top barren and rugged; instead of which, I was in the midst of corn-fields and orchards. A dozen villages reared their towers and spires over the plain, and, could I have forgotten whence I came, I should have thought myself in a well-cultivated level country. After walking half a mile inland, the river is entirely lost, and the opposite cliffs seem within twenty minutes' walk. We spent three or four very delightful hours in wandering

about these mountain corn-fields. Henry found them peculiarly rich in fossil remains—Mr. H. in picturesque effects—and I in all sorts of delightful novelty.

In consequence of a somewhat imprudent variation of our course, by which we intended both to change and shorten the road home, we descended into a little green valley,—running parallel to the Rhine,—with the notion of following the banks of the stream that watered it, thinking it must inevitably lead us to the river. And so indeed it would, could we have contrived to wade through the marshy ground that intervened; but, this being deemed impossible, we had the further imprudence to cross the stream, and mount the opposite woody hill; where a path through its beautiful beeches seemed evidently leading towards the river. Having followed this path for some time, always mounting, we found ourselves, at length, upon a projecting point of rock, face to face with the Lurleyberg. I was considerably startled at perceiving how far we were from home;—but no fears, either of darkness or distance, could check our exceeding delight in

finding ourselves on such a spot.—How very little do those who navigate the Rhine guess what scenes are within their reach!—The Lurley rock, and its whirlpool, which make the whole of the vaunted beauty of the pass below, appeared, from the point where we stood, but as features in the magnificent landscape; and we looked upon the abrupt turnings of the river, which form what has been called the “rocky basin of St. Goar,” as upon one little but lovely variety in its widely-followed course. There could hardly be a stronger proof of the surpassing beauty of this spot, than my long and total forgetfulness of its distance from St. Goar. Could we, indeed, have contrived to leap, like squirrels, from bough to bough, till we had reached the bottom, we should have found ourselves exactly at the grotto of the horn-blower. But, to find a footing among the crags which the matted foliage covered would have been nearly impossible, even for my companions; and for me, it would certainly have been as reasonable to take to the squirrel mode at once, as to attempt it.—So, refreshing ourselves with one last look up and down the glittering stream,

and over the extraordinary assemblage of objects, all in such exquisite keeping with its noble character, we turned away, and patiently traced our steps back again, nearly as we came. Most certainly I was very tired; but I would willingly endure double the fatigue, to stand again for ten minutes upon the point of rock opposite the Lurleyberg.

The day which followed this expedition was Sunday. It was a jour de fête to many, and I never watched a Sabbath of more innocent enjoyment. The first party I saw, on looking out of my beautiful window in the morning, was one composed of four youths,—the eldest I think under twenty,—who, from their dress and appearance, I have no doubt were students from Bonn. They had their breakfast-table laid on a sort of platform, on the other side of the road before our hotel, overlooking the river. The full morning sun shone upon them; but the freshness of the hour, and the delicious breeze from the water, prevented any annoyance from heat. It was a very interesting group—their animated young faces spoke the de-



light which the glorious scene inspired ; and they ate with the gay zest which exercise and health give to appetite. Yet, notwithstanding the double occupation of breakfasting, and looking at the view, each one had a small pocket volume beside him, which, as the lingering meal went on, stole, now and then, a moment from the laughter and the din. All this was really delightful ; and it was impossible not to sympathize in their enjoyment. But, alas ! my next glance destroyed all the sympathy, and turned the pleasure of looking at them into positive pain ;—for, in the hand of each, was an enormous pipe ;—and the look of glowing animation which had so delighted me was changed for the heavy quiescence of smoking. Could they but have seen themselves as they looked then, and as they had looked one short half-hour before, I think they must have forsworn the loathsome habit for ever.

It is as much a subject of wonder, as regret, to see the extent to which this unhappy infatuation is carried, among the young men of this most glorious country. Were they not so very fine

a race,—were the noble and intellectual expression of the young heads I saw at Bonn, Heidelberg, and elsewhere, less striking,—I should have witnessed this lamentable degradation with more patience; but to behold these youthful features, one moment beaming with the finest expression, and the next stultified by that look of ineffable stupidity produced by smoking, is really too vexatious. Could these young men be fully aware of the effect this habit produces on their charming countrywomen, I am greatly tempted to believe that it would soon get out of fashion.

It was cautiously, and with the fear of giving offence, that I first touched upon the subject with some of the delightful women to whom I had the happiness of being introduced. But I very soon found, that, the deeper the dislike I expressed to smoking, the greater was the sympathy I found. I have often alluded to this subject already; and, as I shall recur to it no more, I will take this occasion to repeat the words that were said to me by two German ladies, who, in my opinion, possessed attractions enough to make their wishes laws. I

wish that I could, without impropriety, name them here, but this would not be fair; and I therefore refrain from adding the influence of their names to the strength of their words.

“ It is this,” said one of these ladies, “ which makes the society of foreigners so much too agreeable to us. A mouth, uncontaminated by a pipe, may win with words, which, if scented with tobacco, would be listened to with very different emotions.”

The moment I heard these words, I determined to print them, in the hope that they might preserve some still “ unrazored lips ” from the hateful taint.

Another lady, as yet unmarried, and with a face whose delicacy seemed fitter to receive the gales of Eden than the fumes of tobacco, said to me, while we were discussing the same subject—“ If I marry, I hope I shall love my husband well enough to forgive him;—but I sometimes think it may be a dangerous experiment.”

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There are two very old churches at St. Goar; both of which formerly belonged to Jesuit communities. One of these is now Lutheran, the other

remains Catholic: there is much in both to gratify a curious hunter after antiquities. In the Catholic church, is a strangely uncouth figure of St. Goar, carved in stone, and said to bear a very remote date; but the record of this we were unable to find on the stone. Legends connected with the name of this good Saint are still currently repeated;—the exact situation of his hermitage is shown, and many tales are recorded of the miraculous aid he continually afforded to the mariners, who came within the danger of the Undine of the Lurleyberg. There are also some curious, and well preserved, old pictures in this church. To the Reformed church we were attracted by the full swell of their hymn, which never failed to draw me as near to it as possible. I know nothing more calculated to reach the heart than one of these solemn strains, poured forth by some hundreds of voices, among which not one shall offend by a false note.

We were in the act of mounting the hill when this burst of music induced us to enter a door before which we were passing; when, to our surprise, we found ourselves in a gallery, looking down

into a very old and very gloomy church. The same thing happened to us at the Catholic church ; for, while mounting towards the Rheinfels, and passing the gable-end of what looked like a dilapidated barn, we were stopped by the sound of an organ, close to our very ears, and, entering a low door, we were in the organ-loft of the Catholic church.

Some powerful voices were singing the vesper service ;—so powerful, indeed, that our position became painful, and we continued our walk.

The following day we procured a very pleasant open carriage, to take us to Rheinstein. This is one of the old Rhenish castles, and it has been recently restored by Prince Frederick of Prussia, as nearly as possible on the plan of the original construction. The identical walls have been preserved wherever it was possible to do so, and they still form a considerable portion of the edifice. This singular and ingenious enterprise has been most beautifully executed ; and much antiquarian lore has been brought into action, both in the external masonry and in furnishing and fitting up the interior. It is now considered as a perfect specimen of the baronial dwellings of

the sixteenth century. The road to this pretty plaything led us through Oberwesel and Bacharach, and gave us, also, an opportunity of examining at our leisure the singular construction of the Pfalz; which, rising from a rock in the middle of the Rhine, has more the appearance of a floating ark, with the addition of a tower or two, than any solid, earth-borne edifice. There is a strange tradition extant, that all the ladies of the Counts Palatine of the Rhine were obliged to repair to this desolate little rock for the period of their *accouchemens*. The only entrance to it, now, is by an opening, which looks more like a hole than a door, and can only be reached by means of a ladder. It is to be hoped that the Palatinate Countesses had some better contrivance for getting within these dark and dismal walls. The picturesque town of Caub, and the magnificent view of the Gutenfels, on the rock above, are also among the beautiful features of this drive from St. Goar to the Rheinstein. We passed an hour at Oberwesel, which is certainly one of the most curious among the many curious old Rhenish towns. We saw one or two handsome churches,

and the ruin of the little chapel, dedicated to the infant martyr St. Werner, which seems to make part of the town walls. Of this infant Saint it is recorded that he was murdered, in the year 1287, exactly on the spot where this chapel stands, by certain Jews; who, having perpetrated the cruel deed, threw the little body into the Rhine: but, instead of following the downward course of the stream, the corpse preferred mounting to Bacharach, where that most elegant little edifice, called St. Werner's church, was accordingly erected over it. The remains of this building are, by far, the prettiest architectural ornament to be found among the almost innumerable ruins scattered up and down this river of relics.

The interesting ruin of the castle of Schonberg stands very finely on the hill beside Oberwesel; and the dark tower of the Rheinberg, on the opposite bank, seems to stand aloof, and frown upon them all.

We were quite ready, after all this, to eat a very good breakfast at Bacharach; and very good it would have been, in all respects, but for our negligence in omitting to bring tea with us.—That is a

precaution which should never be forgotten on any such excursion.—Rolls, eggs, and butter are always to be found; but the coffee and tea are generally bad. A large detachment of Prussian troops marched past the windows while we were thus engaged; and, half a mile beyond the town, we saw them following our example;—officers and men being all engaged, in a pretty orchard close to the water's edge, in taking refreshment. The scene was highly picturesque.

The ruined church of St. Clement, standing on the narrow space between the road and the river, is a puzzle, both as to its existence and its destruction. Why it should ever have been built, where no dwellings were near, and why it should have been reduced to its present desolate condition, are equally unaccountable.

At the foot of the steep and rocky eminence on which Prince Frederick's castle stands, we found three or four carriages which had brought travellers to look at it; and we learned from the servants that there was no way of approaching the mimic fortress, but by following the narrow, zigzag path, which led up from the road, at that point. At every turning



of this steep path, however, commodious benches are placed; each, as we mounted higher and higher, becoming more beautiful in position than the last. At length we arrived at the moated gateway, duly guarded by a massive portcullis, and iron-studded door. Having made good our entry, we put ourselves under the direction of a warder, and proceeded round the castle. Two of the finest dogs I ever saw were inclosed in large cages, about which they moved, unchained, with the proud step of a lion in his den.

After passing a few miniature cannon, large enough, however, to fire a salute which might rouse the echoes far and near, and placed upon one of the boldest platforms that ever beetled over a precipice, we entered a sort of guard-room; where suits of armour and other military accoutrements were placed, as if ready to put on at a moment's warning. It would be no easy task to describe all the ins and outs, all the goings up and comings down, of this capricious edifice;—but there is not a single object in, or about it, which is not looked upon with pleasure and interest.

In truth, it was a princely fancy, and has been right nobly executed. Much knowledge, much research, much liberality, and most perfect taste, are manifested in every part of the work. A great deal of pains, too, must have been taken, and with very happy success, to find the many articles of genuine antiquity with which the apartments are furnished. Some of these are equally magnificent and venerable. The bed of the princess is perfect, and the beautiful little *rittersaal* is a complete museum of antiquities. Even where the requisition for antique articles of daily use failed, new ones have been supplied, without, in any single instance, violating the perfect keeping of the style. The chandeliers are constructed of the horns of the stag, and arranged with wonderful ingenuity and grace. The suits of armour, which hang against the walls, look just as we may fancy the ritters of yore loved to see them, when they exchanged the falchion for the wine-cup.

Beautiful and curious as this castle is, we should, perhaps, not have so greatly enjoyed seeing it, had not our imaginations been filled of late with

thoughts of castles, knights, and armour. It is probably the last we shall see on the Rhine; and it serves admirably as an illustration of all the others. The ingenious antiquary has shown us at a glance, better than many volumes could have taught, what was the former aspect of the rest.

I owe the pleasure of seeing this curious, hieroglyphic commentary on the manners of the olden times to the condescension of her Royal Highness the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, who had the kindness to tell me that I must not pass the Rhine without a visit to it. Her Royal Highness also told me, that festivals have been held there by the Prince, at which the banquet was surrounded with guests, clad, with all possible historic fidelity, in the fashion of the sixteenth century. Our fancy balls are sometimes very pretty things; but, could an entertainment be given where the whole scene, as well as the guests, should tell thus learnedly of distant lands, or of distant times, it would approach very delightfully to enchantment.

We again passed an hour or two at Bacharach, on our return. The delicate, Gothic arches of

St. Werner's fairy chapel had captivated the fancy of Mr. H., and he wished to sketch it; this gave us an opportunity of seeing something more of this very singular place.

The old burg of Staleck stands aloft, as a look-out and citadel; but no corner of the town itself is without a three-sided tower of defence. There are not less than twelve of these, placed at intervals along the walls which surround the town. At Oberwesel, besides the beautiful white tower, which stands with such picturesque effect at the water's edge, and which is considered one of the finest objects on the river, there are fifteen of these same oddly constructed preparations for defence. It requires more learning than I possess to discover the mode in which they could have availed the besieged. The state of the country must have been fearfully insecure, when it was thus needful that every little village should be protected by a wall completely surrounding it, and flanked by towers, from whence all comers might be challenged.

If the human race has learnt nothing else in its progress, it has at least discovered how to live

without being in eternal dread of destruction and plunder.

Bacharach is famous for its wine trade, and every part of the town now rang with the sound of the cooper's hammer; the whole population being actively engaged in preparing their casks for the approaching vintage. We scrambled up into the vineyards, on the side of a hill, divided from the beautiful ruin of St. Werner by a very narrow valley, through which runs a stream watering the little town. The grapes were beginning to be delicious, and we ventured to refresh ourselves with a few of them. The *vigneron* was near, and made no difficulty of accepting a pecuniary apology for the liberty we had taken. The sketch finished, we returned to the town, where our coachman appeared to be rather impatiently waiting for us; and we went back to a very late dinner at St. Goar. As soon as this repast was over, our civil landlord made his appearance, with a message from one of the legal authorities of the place, signifying his wish to see the two gentlemen at his *bureau*. The mandate somewhat startled us; and as the hour

was so late, the visit was postponed to the morrow. Immediately after breakfast they waited upon this official personage, who informed them that the conduct of Caspar Melchior had been reported to him; and that, having prepared a *procès-verbal* of the affair, upon the statement of the boatman, he wished to read it to them; and, if they found it correct, to request their signature.

The boatman and his boy were both present; and the statement being duly read, and fully interpreted to all parties, their signatures were affixed to it, and the functionary dismissed them; with the assurance that the document should immediately cross the river to Nassau, where a magistrate, residing at St. Goarshausen, would use means to have the offender taken into custody before night.

We afterwards heard that this had been done, and that he was to be tried for *extortion and violence*, the sentence for which would be some weeks' imprisonment. This he most assuredly deserved; but it is probable that the man's previous character had sharpened the ears of justice, before the instance of his ill conduct towards us reached them.

We spent the whole long afternoon of this day in exploring the country on the other side of the river. We first mounted to the Katz, and passed an hour on a beautiful grassy little platform beside it—Mr. H. being engaged in sketching the delusive majesty of the Rheinfels, and Henry and I in writing. From thence we proceeded along the side of a narrow ravine, which brings an upland winter torrent to the Rhine. This bank is very steep, but beautifully wooded; and the path, though often passed over, and through, the solid rock, is as little terrible as such a path can be. On the opposite side of this deep chine is a little village; and some of the houses were so near us, that it would not have been difficult to have made our voices heard by the inhabitants; yet a rocky chasm, many hundred feet deep, divided us. Just at this point the rocks seem rent asunder; and, in some places, the projecting crags almost cross each other. Fancy can paint nothing more wildly beautiful than this scene. The richest foliage of oak and beech flourished up and down the sides of the dark chasm, amidst gigantic rocks; while here and there,

nourished, as it should seem, by the sweet breeze whispering through them, a graceful birch waved its light boughs from the top of a bare crag, which seemed to have neither soil nor moisture. Nearly opposite the village, the ravine turns, almost at right angles, towards the south; enclosing, between it and the Rhine, a large promontory of table-land, in full cultivation. Here we left the brink of this romantic valley, and followed a path through the corn-fields, which continued to rise, with a gentle slope, till we looked down upon the top of the Lurleyberg. Having reached the highest point, and looked round upon a view, which, in all directions, would require a bolder pen than mine to describe, we turned towards a rock that almost hung over the ruin of the Katz; and, having reached it, we obtained a most singular bird's-eye view of every part of the building; looking down its enormous round tower, the walls of which form half of its diameter.

From this point we found a short but precipitous path to the water's edge; and, again taking boat, crossed the river, just as the stars began to show themselves.



I fear I must already have wearied any reader who has had the kindness to follow me, by attempting to describe our rambles about St. Goar. I therefore refrain from telling of more rocks and valleys ; though the delightful week we passed there was every day occupied in exploring the scenes among them. If I have said enough to induce some of the many hundred wanderers, who yearly visit the Rhine, to believe that it has more to say for itself than can reach them on board a steamboat, my object is answered. But, while endeavouring to lead others to profit by my experience, I think I must add a warning,—not to attempt amateur boating. An experiment of this kind very nearly cost us a dangerous accident ; and, had we not run our boat on shore, we might perhaps have found ourselves at Rotterdam, much against our inclination. The stream is, in fact, too strong to render boating agreeable ; for the operation of towing soon becomes as tedious to those drawn, as fatiguing to those who draw. Let me also advise any, who may follow our excellent example, and take up their quarters at St. Goar, to make it an

indispensable condition, on which they will remain there, that they shall have rooms looking upon the river; for I almost think the pleasure of watching the varying effects of light, through the ceaseless changes of morning and evening, mid-day and midnight, exceeds even that obtained by penetrating into the remote and unfrequented recesses of this most lovely neighbourhood.

I never went to bed without watching the disappearance, one by one, of all the lights on the opposite shore, with their trembling reflections in the water; and when there was none other left, but that which the stars afforded, the landscape, though but dimly visible, had a charm that cannot be told. I have seen the outline of the rocks as black as ink against the cloudless sky, while the broad stream, reflecting every star within reach of its dark mirror, was visible only from their twinkling rays.

It is no wonder that this country still continues to be the nursing mother of superstition and romance—it was not always easy, even for infidels, to escape their influence at St. Goar. When every light had vanished from the dwellings on the oppo-

site shore, the notes of some instrument at a distance, repeated again and again by the extraordinary echoes, often suggested the idea of aërial music. I heard this constantly every night; and am almost ashamed to confess the thrilling effect it produced.

The sober truth is, that such a sufficient knowledge of music as enables them to play on some instrument or other is universal among the peasants of Germany. And we need not, therefore, have recourse to any supernatural agency to account for the fact, that music is often heard amongst them where it might be least expected.

The boors of Germany have been represented, both by pen and pencil, as a coarse, rude, heavy race; but I suspect that the glance which sufficed to make this portrait had little acuteness in it. Poor and laborious they are, and must be. Their mines lie deep in the earth—their vineyards hang on beetling rocks;—and the richness of the valley must be scattered over many a barren upland, or the wide-spread race would perish. But this brings no degradation with it;—nor can the active youth

and vigorous age of their females deserve the scorn they have met; though strength instead of softness of limb be the result. The German peasant girl, cultivating her rich flower-bed, and singing the delicious strains of her country with taste and feeling,—accompanied, perhaps, in both by her lover,—certainly offers as refined a picture of rural life as we can hope to find anywhere beyond the bounds of Arcadia. And should a tincture of romantic superstition be added to this, and the wildness of nature give birth to some wildness of fancy, I suspect the tone of moral feeling is rather raised than lowered by it.

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Another pleasure, which I enjoyed from my window at St. Goar, was watching the vine-dressers upon the hill opposite. This steep and rugged height is covered with little patches of vines, divided from each other by masses of rock, and approachable only by the race who are native there. It is startling, before the spectacle has become familiar, to see the women clinging to the crags, and picking the leaves from the vines; which

is done for the double purpose of admitting a sufficient portion of sun to the fruit, and of feeding the cows upon the leaves.

I have watched these women, perched three hundred feet above the river, with a sheer precipice before them; yet, there they stood, without a thought of danger, picking a dozen leaves from half-a-dozen plants—for the plots often hold no more;—and to this plot, and to a few others, as dangerous in position and as scanty in produce, it is half the business of their lives to climb; sometimes with the manure, which they carry up these rugged precipices in baskets, supported on the head; sometimes to prune the vines, sometimes to pluck their leaves; and at last, to gather their small, but precious produce.

Excepting what is produced on the one farm of Johannisberg, the wine produced on the rocks in this neighbourhood, and from thence called Stein, or rock, wine, is among the finest that the Rhine produces; and for this reason the labour bestowed on the vineyard is unsparing, and almost incessant. Nor is the labour of cultivation the only

expense incurred; for the crumbling soil, in which the vines grow, can only be preserved from falling by terrace walls; which, at different points, and unequal distances, are continued up to the very top of the rocks.



## CHAPTER XIX.

*Voyage up the River to Mayence—Ingelheim Fighters—  
La Favorite—Francfort—Marburg—Cassel—Marble  
Bath—Wilhelmshöhe—Cassel—German Politics—  
Road to the Harz—Göttingen Education—Osterode  
—First View of the Harz—Entrance to the Forest—  
Goslar—Expedition to the Brocken—Ilsingbourg.*

ON the 21st of August we again put ourselves on board a steam-boat for Mayence. One week only had elapsed, since we had used the same conveyance from Coblentz to St. Goar: it was then crowded with company, many of them English; but now I do not think there were above twenty passengers on board, and I did not recognize a single countryman among them. But the deck of the boat which we met coming down was perfectly crammed with passengers and carriages. The weather, when we started, seemed to justify the caution which prevented any new importations of tourists; for it was cold and misty:—but, our usual

good fortune still attending us, the fog cleared away as we got to a part of the river with which we were the least familiar; and the remainder of the day was as bright as could be wished. After Bingen, the country, though rich and fertile, is no longer of that bold style of outline that delights the eye; and, perhaps, the chief pleasure produced by the contemplation of the Rhingau arises from its association with Hock and Johannisberg. I shall never forget the accent with which, in my hearing, a fellow-passenger and countryman addressed another, who stood near him, the first time that I came up the river to Mayence. "That, Sir," said he, pointing to Prince Metternich's domain, "that, Sir, is JOHANNISBERG!"—I could imagine some young enthusiast roaming through Greece, and uttering, "That, Sir, is Helicon!" exactly with the same cadence.

The Duke of Nassau's splendid palace of Bieberich gives an air of dignity to the landscape;—and when the picturesque towers of Mayence become visible,—the river itself,—its enormous bridge of boats,—the row of floating mills below the town,—



and the groupings continually produced, by the operation of forming the small rafts of the lesser rivers into the gigantic fabrics which convey the timber to Rotterdam,—these altogether form a very striking and beautiful combination.

On this occasion we made a third and much more successful attempt to find a comfortable hotel—L'Empereur Romain being infinitely better than either of those we had before used. It has, moreover, the advantage of being situated in an open *platz*; where, morning and evening, we were deliciously regaled by military music. At one time of the day we had the Prussian, at another the Austrian band—both excellent. The effect of seeing a sentry in white at one gate of the caserne, and one in blue at the other, is singular enough.

We now did the same justice to Mayence that our second visit enabled us to offer to Coblenz. The cathedral, and other principal attractions, having been already visited, we spent our evening in walking through the handsomest streets in the city, and found that it contained many fine buildings.

The next day was set apart for a visit to Nieder Ingelheim, the celebrated site of Charlemagne's magnificent palace. So very trifling a relic remains of this, that, notwithstanding my strong Carlovingian partialities, I should hardly have devoted a day to its examination, had not the drive been considered as affording one of the finest views in Germany. Nothing of the kind can, in fact, be more magnificent than the view over the Rhingau from the highest point of this road. Just where this superb landscape is seen to the greatest advantage, an obelisk is placed, with the following inscription :—

Route  
de  
Charlemagne  
terminée en l'an 1  
du règne de  
Napoleon  
Empereur des Français.

The town of Ingelheim, once so highly favoured, has now no great appearance of wealth or prosperity ; but its situation is very beautiful. It is not difficult to trace the plan of Charlemagne's palace ; though nothing remains of its greatness but a few

scattered fragments of the walls. A burying-ground of the Jews now fills the space between the castle and the fosse which made part of the defence of this most Christian king's best-loved palace ; and it is from thence that the most interesting morsels of the ruin are to be seen. There is, little, however, besides the consciousness that here Charlemagne lived and had his being, to gratify the feelings of any who may visit the spot.

There are two churches at Ingelheim, both of great antiquity. The smaller one, which stands so close to the palace as to induce the belief that it must have originally made part of it, is peculiarly interesting. It contains a monument to a daughter of the great king, which, though most rude in sculpture, has much more pretension to dignity than that to his wife in the cathedral of Mayence. This little church contains also two of the hundred pillars, said to have been sent by the Pope, from Rome and Ravenna, to decorate this favourite dwelling.

There are, however, four (or more) of these same pillars, rescued by the Elector Lewis the

Fifth from among the ruins of Ingelheim, and placed in a portico over the well at Heidelberg, which are in much better condition.

I think that I have not hitherto mentioned a circumstance, perfectly peculiar, as I believe, to the roads of Germany, and which, travel in what direction we might, we were sure to encounter. I allude to the *fighters*,—as they call the young mechanics, who, after serving their time in any town or city throughout Germany, are obliged to leave it for three years, before they set up for themselves; in order, as it is presumed, that they may improve by travel, and acquire some farther insight into their art, by seeing how it is practised elsewhere.

Custom authorizes these young men to demand assistance from every one they meet on the road; and, though the donations are often exceedingly small,—the fraction of a farthing perhaps,—it very rarely happens that the application is altogether disregarded. On our return from Ingelheim, we were addressed in this manner by a young man, so perfectly well dressed, and with the air of a person so totally unused to beg,—or fight, as it is called,—

for his living, that we felt embarrassed whether to treat his demand as jest, or earnest. He left us no choice, however, but ran beside the carriage with such pertinacious activity, and appeared so well inclined himself to laugh at the jest, that we resorted to the only means left to get rid of him, and received a gay and saucy bow in acknowledgment.

We returned to Mayence in time for a five o'clock dinner; and I inquired of the waiter, who attended it, what evening amusements were open. "Have you visited La Favorite?" was the reply: and when I stated that we had not, he said—"Eh bien, Madame, il faut absolument y aller, car si on va savoir que vous avez été à Mayence, sans voir les jardins de la Favorite, on rira."

Such a remonstrance could not be resisted; and, accordingly, as soon as the repast was concluded, we set off for the place he had named. Though by no means equal to many that we had before seen, these gardens deserve to be visited, for the sake of the view they command. The Rhine runs close beside them, and the Maine joins it at a

point exactly opposite. A good-sized room, which appears intended for dancing, opens upon the walks, exactly where the view is the finest; and, on the terrace in front of this, several parties were taking coffee *al fresco*. We did so too,—and then spent what remained of light in seeing as much as might be of the magnificent fortifications which surround the city.

At seven o'clock the next morning we were in the diligence, on our way to Francfort. It rained hard all the way, but cleared up as we arrived; and the beautiful city looked as gay and as bright as when we saw it before. After breakfast we made several calls; and we met, according to appointment, the friends we had left at Ems. We now again passed a few very agreeable days at Francfort;—enjoyed another opera;—and drove in various directions round the environs. It is certainly one of the most attractive cities I know, and must, I think, be always entered with pleasure, and left with regret.—But the summer had melted away before we were ready to part with it;—we had still many a league to go,—and, for the sake of

expedition, were rash enough to take places in the diligence to Cassel. The conveyance, indeed, was a very commodious one; and, having secured the *coupé*, we travelled with all possible comfort; but, unfortunately, the greater part of the distance was passed over in the night; and, judging of the country we did *not* see by that which we *did*, our loss was much greater than the time we saved could atone for. The evening light served to show us Vilbal, and all the pretty scenery round it; but after this, and watching the sun as he set gloriously behind the Taunus hills, we had nothing but moonlight glimpses of the fine country we were passing. Even this, however, was enough to show that the long, broad street of Friedelberg, on the summit of a lofty hill, must be strikingly picturesque; and that the descent from it, upon a perfectly new country, would have well repaid the loss of a day to see.

We breakfasted at Marberg; and, finding the coffee of the worst possible fabric, we armed ourselves each with a roll, and found time enough just to take a most tantalizing, distant peep at the

castle on the hill above it.—Such a castle! and in Westphalia too!—the very centre of all that is most mysterious in history, and most exciting in romance.—But there stood the diligence, with the horses all ready, and the horn of the conductor at his mouth!—and there stood I, inwardly vowing that I would never again chain myself in the same manner. For many miles, after leaving Marberg, its castle continues in sight, and, with the hill on which it stands, forms a magnificent object.

The country, between this town and Cassel, is a succession of finely-wooded hills, and well-watered plains; which, when we passed them, had just yielded their abundant harvest.—The chestnut, beech, and mountain-ash, grow here with uncommon luxuriance—the villages are frequent—the costume is singular and picturesque—and the whole scenery interesting in no common degree.

We reached Cassel at six, having been twenty-four hours *en route*;—and, but for the impossibility of lingering by the way, when and where we wished, I should say that I had never made a journey of the same length with so little fatigue.



Cassel is surprisingly beautiful. I had heard much of its fine position, and the splendour of its terrace, its circus, and Platz Frederick; but I expected nothing equal to what I found:—and, as I despair of ever acquiring that last finish of an accomplished traveller, the *nil admirari*,—so general in these latter days,—I will honestly confess that its beauty and magnificence delighted me. The finest part of the town stretches along the brow of a steep hill, the hanging level of which is laid out as a public garden, through which drives and walks are cut, with great taste and skill. At the bottom of this hill runs the river Foulde;—and close upon its opposite bank is the palace of the *ci-devant* King Jerome. The interior has been completely destroyed by fire; but the outward walls are sufficiently entire to render it a beautiful object. A rich, but narrow tract of land surrounds this palace; and beyond it rises the finest amphitheatre of hills I remember to have seen. The celebrated Platz Frederick is a square of enormous dimensions. Three sides of it are occupied by handsome buildings;—the Elector's palace being

one;—and the fourth opens upon the public garden and the distant hill beyond, by a noble gateway; through which, and the lofty iron railing on either side of it, the whole magnificent view is seen from every part of the square. This presents, beyond all comparison, a more splendid *coup d'œil* than any city I have yet seen can boast. On descending to the palace, its dismal and dilapidated state is immediately perceptible. All that remains of its former elegance is the esplanade—still filled with superb orange trees,—and the marble bath, which is said to be unequalled for the beauty and magnificence of its decorations. This building consists of one large marble chamber, adorned with twelve statues of excellent workmanship, and many fine alto-relievos:—the whole, I believe, from the hand of Stephen Monnot. In the centre is a swimming-bath, of most royal dimensions. We were told that Napoleon had bathed there, and that Jerome used it constantly. “However,” continued our guide, with inimitable gravity, “the statement which you have doubtless heard, that his majesty used wine, instead of water, for his bath,

is not at all correct.—King Jerome constantly bathed in pure water.”

I know not how it happens that things, which, upon a reasonable valuation, appear equal in splendour, and, to the eye of sober criticism, equal also in grace, should produce upon the fancy effects comparatively different. Delicate as are the sculptures of this bath, it is easy to recall many incomparably superior;—and yet the idea of that high and graceful chamber, its delicious coolness, and visions of the fair marble people, who seem so fitly to inhabit there, will, I think, rest upon my memory, when nobler works shall be forgotten.

In the afternoon we drove to Wilhelmschoe, the principal residence of the Elector of Hesse. It is at present inhabited by his son and heir apparent, to whom he had resigned the government of his dominions, as well as his palace\*.

We had been constantly told by all Germans, to whom we had mentioned our intended route, that

\* The circumstances which led to this resignation seem still to be a favourite subject of gossip throughout Germany; but as they appear to be quite of a private nature, I shall not take the liberty of repeating them.

we should see, in this palace and its wonderful gardens, the most perfect specimen of a royal residence in the world; and, if I had never seen Windsor, I could readily believe that it is so. The building, however, magnificent as it is, is a mere toy to Versailles, in point of extent;—but it is furnished as if Aladdin's lamp and ring had been the upholsterers;—and it stands on a terrace equal in beauty, and superior in extent of view, to that of St. Germain. Yet, still, Windsor is as far superior to it, as the dominions of Great Britain are to those of Hesse Cassel. The gardens, however, which spread behind it, gradually rising to the summit of one of the highest ridges in Westphalia, are, I truly believe, unique in beauty and magnificence.

It is strange enough, that, when garden ground is laid out in some conformity with our ideas of natural beauty, it is still, even in Germany, called an "English garden." But this style of decoration is there found on so much larger and bolder a scale than with us, that it appears to me the epithet ought to be changed; and, wherever groves take place of parterres, and forest paths, of neatly

edged gravel walks, it should be called, *par excellence*, a German garden. At Wilhelmshohe, however, these are not the only features that distinguish the princely pleasure grounds from those of ordinary mortals. There are buildings, which I suppose answer to our humble root houses and rustic temples, but which might themselves serve as palaces. And there is an aqueduct, erected for the purpose of conveying a mountain stream to form a sheet of water behind the palace, which rivals, in the loftiness of its magnificent arches, any of the finest structures of a similar kind, in the world.

To our great regret, we found the famous Opera of Cassel closed; and we were told that it was not likely to be soon opened again. While it continues shut, the attraction of the city, as a residence, must be considerably lessened. Cassel has, still, however, many other recommendations. All the necessaries and luxuries of the table are in abundance and perfection, and at a very moderate price. The country is beautiful and rich in every species of interest; and it is not its least recommendation, as a residence, that the laws are so faithfully administered

as to render the security of property greater in Cassel than in almost any other city in the world. No one thinks of using locks or bolts; and any extortionate demand, or attempt at dishonest dealing of any kind, is suppressed in the most prompt and effectual manner, on application to the police. This, too, is an *absolute, arbitrary* government, of which the sovereign is by no means popular;—and yet, any one, who will take the trouble *honestly* to inform himself of the general feeling among the people, respecting the political state of the country, will find its institutions proudly boasted of, and their beneficial effects warmly acknowledged. Whenever I have been favoured in society, by the communication of information, or the expression of individual opinion, I have cautiously avoided alluding to it, while writing of the place where it was received; lest anything approaching to the impertinence of personal allusion should be suspected;—but, while carefully avoiding this, I may safely venture to state, generally, the result of all the information I have gathered.

I have no business with the righteousness of the

feeling, arise where it may; but the truth is, that, in many places, where nothing like discontent exists towards the present rulers, the ambition of being some day annexed to Prussia may very easily be discovered. It is not, however, by agitators or demagogues that this feeling is expressed. On the contrary,—it appears to result from that wish for a substantial, secure, and unvacillating government, which a philosophical contemplation of the present state of Europe has generated throughout the whole of Germany.

Where the smaller states have granted constitutions, and undermined the foundations of authority, by signing trumpery charters concocted by a reckless set of noisy orators, the consequences have been uniformly injurious to the prosperity of the people. Yet some, who had a prophetic conviction that so it would be, have nevertheless yielded before the cuckoo cry for reform.

This it is, which has turned the eyes of many towards Prussia. She, tranquilly firm in her just, undeviating policy, stands like a tower of strength

amidst the wavering, tottering politics of some of her neighbours.

It may be objected, to any opinion I may give as to the political feeling of Germany, that it is not in the course of a summer's tour, any important information on such a subject can be obtained. Certainly, upon such an occasion, no information which does not lie upon the surface can be hoped for. Truth, however, is not the less truth, because it is obvious:—and it is not in stating what may be seen by all, that misrepresentation is most likely to occur.

But, after confessing that my means of judging are such only as are open to every one, I venture to repeat, that a revolutionary spirit is not prevalent in any part of the country through which I have travelled. That “*such a spirit is abroad,*” to use the fashionable phrase, is most certain;—and so is a spirit of drunkenness, and a spirit of gambling, and a spirit of robbing, and that in more countries than one;—yet it would hardly be fair to state that either of these spirits were about to rule the destinies of any land.

I heard much ridicule from various classes,—and,



decidedly, not the least pointed from among the lower orders,—against the political enterprizes and revolutionary snappings, which are continually exploding with the bustle and effect of a cracker. The tone in which even *our* reform proceedings are canvassed, approaches sometimes very saucily towards quizzing. Nevertheless, the Germans are far from paying us in kind for the prophecies so often put forth in our journals, of their threatened insurrections; for I continually heard it repeated, with great emphasis, that “*England was not a country to be overthrown by the cabals of a mob.*”

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On leaving Cassel we engaged a carriage to take us through the Harz country,—(with the understanding that we were to pause when and where we chose,)—and then to proceed with us to Hanover; on the very equitable condition that every additional day, beyond the time necessary for the expedition, should be paid for at the same rate as if we were travelling. The scheme answered perfectly; and to those who travel for pleasure, and not for business, it is unquestionably the most agreeable that can be adopted.

We crossed the Foulde on leaving Cassel; and our road continued near the stream, though we had to mount and descend some magnificent hills by its side. The scenery the whole way from Cassel to Münden is beautiful. At the latter place we stopped for breakfast; and while it was preparing we walked through the lovely meadows on the banks of the river.

The Foulde joins the Werra at this place;—both here lose their names in that of the Weser;—and the wild narrow little valley, through which they run before their confluence, is one of the prettiest spots imaginable.

The first thing which caught my eye, on entering Münden, was the arms of England over the Post-office;—by which we perceived that we were in the kingdom of Hanover. For some time, after we had left this curious old town, and its massive fortifications, falling into reluctant decay, the road continued to be very beautiful, passing through a narrow valley close by the side of one of the brightest streams in the world. We afterwards mounted to a region of bare hills, and from this point to Göttingen there is little either of beauty or interest.

Had not the Harz been before us, we should have seen more of this celebrated University; but one professor, to whom we had an introduction, was out of town, and another was at a great distance from our hotel; so we determined to see all we could that evening, and not risk losing the lovely weather, which still followed us, by staying another day.

The old fortifications round the town have been turned into public walks, and by following these we obtained a good general view of the town; which has, however, no beauty, either of situation or architecture, though some of the old towers are curious and venerable. The buildings of the University appear by no means splendid; and, such as they are, would be shown to greater advantage were they more separated from the town, which presses round them in every direction. The University library is preserved in a part of the old church, and we made some efforts to see it: but the lateness of the hour prevented our success. The moon was nearly at the full, and lengthened out the hours of light for us very pleasantly:—

by her help we saw nearly every part of the city.

Though I had here no opportunity of obtaining the information I wished for, respecting this University, I had afterwards the good fortune of receiving, from a distinguished friend at Hanover, very satisfactory details, not only respecting Göttingen, but on the subject of education throughout Germany in general, and the kingdom of Hanover in particular.

From the statements of this gentleman, which are of unquestionable authority, it appears that the number of professors and teachers, in every part of the country, is much larger, in proportion to the population, than it is with us.

In Hanover they have one University (Göttingen), with fifty professors, and forty private teachers;—sixteen public schools of the first rank, in which 135 teachers are employed;—fourteen public schools of the second rank, with sixty-four teachers;—and about 350 elementary schools. Out of 900 students residing at Göttingen, about 600 are Hanoverians. At the public schools of the first order

there are 2,200 pupils;—at those of the second class, 2,100;—and at the elementary schools, 215,000.

As the population of the kingdom of Hanover is only about 1,600,000, it is evident that the business of education is carried on there on a much more extended scale than in England, Ireland, or even in Scotland.

Some judgment may be formed as to what ranks chiefly furnish students to the Universities of Germany, by the following statement respecting Göttingen. In the year 1831, 135 young men commenced their academic studies there. Fifty-nine of these were the sons of gentlemen employed in public administration, and of lawyers, physicians, and other learned men; six were the sons of officers; five of landed proprietors; thirty-nine of tradesmen; and nineteen the sons of peasants or artizans.

The idea, so prevalent everywhere, of the relaxed discipline of the German Universities, accords so ill with the equally general belief that the scholars they send out stand pre-eminently high, that I asked my friend to solve this problem for me. This, I think, he has done satisfactorily, by referring simply

to the rigorous examinations required before any man can enter upon public life as a magistrate, professor, advocate, physician, &c. It clearly appears from the rank of the students, as stated in the account of the matriculations at Göttingen in 1831, that few among them are placed by fortune above the necessity of passing these all-important examinations well: and, where this is the case with the great majority, it is not surprising that even the wildest spirits should require no very rigorous discipline, in order to keep the one thing needful ever in view; nor that the love of frolic, however vehement, should fail to induce them to forget it.

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The Harz mountains become visible in the east a few miles after leaving Göttingen; and, were it not for this, the landscape would have no great charm. We breakfasted at Nordheim, where marks of a recent conflagration were painfully evident. And the movement and stir about the buildings, which were beginning to rise from the ashes, were like the bustle in an ant's nest, after injury by some rude blow.

At this place we left the high road which leads from Francfort to Hambourg, through Cassel, Göttingen, and Hanover, and which may be called the great north road of Western Germany. We turned aside in order to pass through that renowned region of romance called the Harz ; and, above all, to visit the Brocken, universally acknowledged to be the scene of the wildest and most poetical superstitions of Germany.

Almost immediately after leaving Nordheim the country begins to assume a more interesting character ; and the little village of Catlenbourg is one of those rare spots where every object seems placed on purpose to give pleasure to the eye. From thence we proceeded to Osterode, the first Harz town. On the side by which we entered, and for several miles of the approach, the road was over a bed of alabaster, whose clear, white, sparkling masses, starting through the turf, looked exactly like hillocks of petrified snow.

Osterode has a large quarry of this beautiful stone ; and the great quantity which is exported,—the enormous magazine of corn for the use of the miners, —the schools connected with their occupation,—

and the use made of the town, as a depôt for all the mines in its neighbourhood, render it a place of considerable importance.

An hour or two being required to rest the horses, we determined to mount a gently rising upland of clover and wheat stubble, in the hope of catching a glimpse of the dark forest which once spread half over Germany:—but the summit of this height seemed to mock us; for no sooner had we reached some object which appeared to be at the top, than we found it stretched away again higher still. Yet we were loath to retreat; and, scorning a sudden blast of wind that swept by, as well as some very ominous masses of clouds above our heads, we persevered, till at length the real summit was achieved.

The hill, which it had taken us so long to mount, here sunk beneath our feet almost perpendicularly; and the bold wall of rock we looked down upon did not contrast more strongly, with the gentle slope by which we ascended, than did the dark hue of the landscape spread now before us, with the pale, barren hills on the opposite side of the town.

As far as the eye could reach, was an immense



extent of waving heights ; all covered to their very tips with one universal mantle of black pine. The deep chine at our feet looked as dark as night ; and the only objects visible within its shade were here and there the gleaming of a narrow brook, and the windings of a rude path-way which followed it.

The only tinge of lighter colour throughout the whole landscape, was occasioned by the blue smoke which proceeded from the charcoal-burning, and which rose from one or two points of the different hills.

This, indeed, was the Harz ;—and the unexpected manner in which it had burst upon us, through this magnificent opening, wonderfully enhanced the effect of its grand and peculiar features.

It was some time before either the heavy drops which began to fall, or the remembrance of the long stage we had before us,—or even the thoughts of dinner,—could make us quit this dark, but lovely landscape.

It is always dangerous to dwell in description upon any scene, the effect of which is greatly to excite the imagination ; and especially if the objects composing it are not familiar to those we

address. The usual meed of any such effort is a weary yawn from the reader. Prudence, therefore, leads me back to Osterode now; as effectually, as when I left all the witchery of mid-day darkness soberly to eat my dinner, and continue my journey.

The best consolation we found for turning away from such a scene, proceeded from the discovery of an awful-looking road,—along the side of one of the boldest heights,—which we had little doubt was the road we were about to follow.

We were lucky enough to escape the heaviest part of the shower which fell with extraordinary violence after we returned to the hotel. In consequence of this rain, we were told it would be necessary to take an additional pair of horses; as the road to Clausthal, always difficult from its steepness, would be now impracticable without this assistance. This proved no fable, either of the driver or post-master. I have seldom been dragged up so tremendous an ascent.

The worst effect of the storm, however, was the necessity it enforced of having the carriage closed. This, at the moment of entering upon such a drive,

was a most serious mortification ; but the rain continued to fall in torrents, and, had we persisted in keeping the carriage open, we must have been wet through in a few minutes.

Packed therefore, like poultry in a basket, with scarcely air sufficient to keep us alive, we crossed the little bridge of Osterode ; and began to mount the barrier hill between that town and the Harz forest. For some time, bare and barren banks shut us in on either side ;—but, after passing the first summit, we perceived by degrees, as first one of us, and then another, ventured to remove a morsel of the leather curtains, that we were gradually entering upon the dark, shadowy world we had looked at in the morning. The vexation of being thus enclosed now became greater than any of the party could endure. We therefore stopped the carriage, though the rain continued to fall ; and we gave the astonished driver to understand, that we preferred receiving it upon us. I am quite sure that the man thought I was subject to some malady connected with the brain ; for, having opposed the orders of the gentlemen, by most earnest assur-

ances that we should all be drowned if he obeyed them, he turned to me to enforce his statement, and applauded his resistance. But my reply was, that such drowning would do us no harm, and that the carriage must be opened. I had no sooner said this, than my son, to end the contest, began vigorously to attack the clumsy contrivances which formed the roof. Mr. H. heartily assisted him, and the poor driver, looking at me with a most comic mixture of fear and compassion, at length yielded his reluctant aid to the operation. The scene was indeed such as might well atone for a wetting. The form of the ground, which was a narrow ridge, enabled us to look down,—sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other,—over myriads of pines, into deep hollows which seemed too dark, too wild, too gloomy for the foot of man to venture into them. At some spots, high upon the mountain's side, stood pools of water; so large that they might almost be called lakes: and at others the ground was cleared for the space of a few acres, for the purpose of burning charcoal.

Our pertinacious determination to look upon

this novel scene did not bring upon us any of the evils which were predicted; for, as the evening advanced, the clouds broke away, the rain ceased, and just enough of lowering storminess remained to heighten the effect of the singular scenery through which we were passing.

Before we reached Clausthal, which stands on the very highest point of one of the hills, we saw the clouds rolling far below us; and, I doubt not, they were still shedding their dews on the dark valleys below.

Clausthal is an important mining station; and several large schools are established there, for the purpose of instructing the miners in practical geology. The village is almost entirely built of wood, and is altogether a wild and desolate-looking abode.

The forest continued almost unbroken for many miles after we left this mountain hamlet; and, just as evening began to make the gloomy shades yet more gloomy, we overtook a young hunter, who entered into conversation with us as we dragged up a steep ascent. Mr. H. left the carriage to walk

with him, and received from him a very interesting description of the manner in which the young men of the country sometimes spend many days together in these dark forests in pursuit of game. On reaching the point at which the road began to descend, our driver told Mr. H. that he must make the best haste he could, and begged him to get into the carriage immediately, which he did; and, bidding the hunter farewell, we drove rapidly down the hill, and speedily lost sight of him. Nearly an hour afterwards, when no other light than that of the moon was left, we were startled by seeing the same figure spring forward from the forest, which still skirted the road, and lay his hand on the door of the carriage. His double-barrelled gun, the large knife in his belt, and the general appearance of his dress and accoutrements,—all duskily seen at such an hour, in such a spot, and in a manner so very unexpected,—might, I think, well excuse the feeling of alarm that his approach occasioned me: and yet nothing could be more unfounded, or ungrateful; for he had pushed across a short cut of the forest, on

purpose to overtake us, that he might point out a most remarkable slate quarry, perfectly hid among the trees, and yet not a hundred paces from the road.

It is possible that, if we had seen this enormous excavation by broad daylight, many curious features, now unseen, might have become visible; but, most assuredly, it would have lost much in effect. The perpendicular side of the quarry, against which we looked as we approached, was many hundred feet deep, and fringed at the top with a sable line of towering pines:—the moon shone with such equivocal light into this profound abyss, that there was no difficulty in peopling it with mysterious shapes;—and, had I been left alone there for five minutes, I am sure I should have seen a legion of witches.

It was very late before we reached Goslar; and here again the moon played us strange tricks. This place, by any light, presents a most strange, grotesque collection of architectural antiquities; and by that of the moon, the “alternate ebon and ivory” took strange forms indeed.

Goslar, the capital of the Harz, was once a city of much importance, and has more conspicuous traces of high antiquity, in every part of it, than any town I have seen. It is of considerable extent, and our tired horses dragged the carriage so slowly along the principal street, that I began to think some of the mystical powers of the region were at work, and that we were driving in a circle. At length, to my inexpressible joy, we stopped; and to my equal surprise and delight, I found we had got to a most comfortable hotel, with an *exquisite* French waiter, and all appliances and means for welcome refreshment after our long day's journey.

We went to bed, however, with a good deal of anxiety upon our spirits. The Brocken was within fifteen miles of us; and to mount, or not to mount, was the question.

We had been told by many, and particularly by our friend the hunter, that, if the weather were unfavourable, we should find the ascent a most fatiguing labour, and utterly fruitless: as, nine times out of ten, the top of the mountain is so



enveloped in clouds as to veil every object below in impenetrable mist. Yet, still we held our purpose, and every arrangement was made for the expedition; though we were all aware that, in case a positively rainy day should rise upon us, we must in common prudence give it up.

Our good star, however, still prevailed. The morning was not bright, but it was dry; and a brisk wind gave us hope that the remaining clouds might all be so completely blown off, before evening, as to permit our seeing the sun set brilliantly from the Witches' Orchestra.

We started for Ilsinbourg at half-past five. It is from this village that the most interesting ascent of the mountain is made; but it is also the most difficult. This, however, we did not learn till afterwards; and I know not how to regret the ignorance which led us to take this route; for the additional fatigue is of small importance, when compared to the pleasure it gave us. The road immediately after leaving Goslar, is very good;—being kept in repair for the sake of an important silver mine in the neighbourhood, the ore from which is conveyed

to that town;—but, having passed the mine, nothing beyond a rough, and sometimes indistinct track remained for us. This was not followed without difficulty, and something like danger too; however, both were happily overcome, and we arrived at the “Red Trout” at Ilsingbourg, in safety. A few miles from Goslar, we passed into the territory of Brunswick; and not long after into that of Prussia, where, on an open heath, and far from any habitation, we were stopped and closely inspected by two very strange looking figures, who, however, declared themselves officers of the Prussian *douane*. If they really were so, I can only say that they were totally unlike, both in dress and demeanour, any officials of that country which we had before seen. Fortunately, we had nothing to provoke a legal seizure, or to tempt an illegal one; and the two ragged asserters of office departed, having examined, as I fancied, the strength of our party, as accurately as the contents of the carriage.

Ilsingbourg is a wild looking village, situated at the entrance of a narrow gorge; through which

dashes a mountain torrent, having there found its way from a spring amidst the mountains. I never saw an inhabited spot more fitted to be the scene of some dark deed, "done in the eclipse," than this Ilsingbourg. A barren waste leads to it; a hundred hills, covered with tangled forests, fence it round; and, high above their heads, rises the giant Brocken, amidst whose deep covers, superstition has been cradled for ages.

We were shown into a long dark room at the "Red Trout," so filled with tobacco smoke that it was a pain to breathe; and the countenances, seen through the vapour, were melo-dramatic in the extreme. As for the landlord himself he looked exactly as if he could not order his ostler to saddle a mule, or signify to his hollow-eyed *frau*, the necessity for a fresh supply of *schnaps*, without raising the flap of his cloak to conceal his face, and muttering under his breath, "Feignons de feindre, afin de mieux dissimuler." In short, the place was a most fitting entrance to the forest of the Brocken:—and, as we received the promise of "three mules and a trusty guide," to mount its bold

summit, I felt a half real, half make-believe sort of shudder, at recollecting how extremely easy it would be to rob and murder us *en route*, without any one ever hearing a word about it.

These sublime forebodings, however, did not prevent my feeling conscious that I had eaten no breakfast, and much bustling activity was produced by our demand for eggs and coffee : but, when I saw that part of this was directed to the removal of one or two idle pipes, which lay upon the table, and understood, thereby, that it was intended we should eat among the mining and charcoal-burning party, who sat smoking round it, I braved all my terrors of the conspirator-like landlord, and boldly demanded another *zimmer*. I was sturdily told there was none other in "the Trout," and a very ominous scowl passed across his brow as he said it. At this critical moment my mother-wit came to my assistance. I had remarked, as I entered, that there was behind the house a garden, which, albeit all else about it was rude and cheerless, had the true German abundance of flowers. I felt sure, as I remembered this, that I had the key to his heart, as certainly as

if one of his witch neighbours had given it to me. I praised his garden;—and asked leave to eat my breakfast in front of a prodigious bed of gilly-flowers. Upon this, his frown melted into a smile; he darted off, beckoning me to follow him, and, in less than ten minutes, the best breakfast the house could furnish was spread in the open air. It is true that this air, which whistled down the valley upon us, bit shrewdly:—but, had it bit us to death, it would have been preferable to being stifled in the heavy vapour of tobacco.

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## CHAPTER XX.

*Ascent of the Brocken—Charcoal-clearings—Iron Cross—Confusion of Rocks—Desolation—Top of the Mountain—Brocken-House—Witches' Orchestra—Devil's Pulpit—Witches' Dog-stone—Sunset—Night Storm—Morning Clouds—Effect of the Wind—Descent from the Brocken—Return to Goslar.*

AT eleven o'clock the three mules were led to the garden gate; and I looked in the face of our guide to see what might be there threatened or promised. If eyes be the windows of the soul, through which its movements become visible, this poor man afforded but half the usual chance of discovering what was passing internally,—for he had but one. The expression of his other features, however, was in no degree lessened by this misfortune: and if a kind and gentle nature could ever be unmis-takenly read on any countenance, it was on his.

The little village was soon passed; and we reached a green common, on which lay a great

quantity of felled timber, in various stages of the process of sawing, and that of barking.

The work-sheds are sheltered by many beautiful beech-trees; and a broad, bright stream runs gaily among them. The road, which for the first two miles rises very gently, has been well rolled by the charcoal-carts; and, for that distance, a carriage might go with ease and safety. The same stream, which we saw on leaving the town, continues close beside the road, long after the ascent has ceased to be thus gentle; and it gradually changes the character in which, as a quiet rivulet, it had refreshed the village common, into that of a dashing, bounding, rock-defying torrent. As this changed, so did the whole scenery change with it. The soft turf faded, withered, and was lost amidst rude blocks of granite,—sometimes tangled over with moss and lichen, and sometimes dry and bare, as if just thrown from the crater of a volcano. As we toiled upwards, these increased in size;—the bright, gay green of the beech entirely disappeared;—and pines, dark, tall, and cheerless, encompassed us on every side. A more delolate landscape can hardly

be imagined. I listened for the note of a bird, but in vain. The dashing of the torrent, and the groaning of the wind, which seemed, however, to be rather at a distance than near, were the only sounds to occupy our ears; for there was something in the whole scene which seemed to chain our tongues; and we were as rigidly silent as if we had supposed that the great spirit of the mountain was about to appear.

I will defy the boldest imagination that ever worked between throbbing temples,—that of Dante himself not excepted,—to picture forth a darker world than the eye looks upon while scaling the Ilsingbourg side of the Brocken. Here and there, however, are spots of exquisite loveliness; and the uncertain humour of the weather increased their effect.

Rain is, in general, a miserable companion for such an expedition; but, on this occasion, the few drops which had fallen at intervals were often converted, by a sudden burst of sunshine, into spangles; as they hung upon the black festoons which the pines threw across our path. This was where



some charcoal-clearing let in the day upon us ; and then the *forte-piano* effect of chequered light and darkness was inconceivably beautiful ;—then, too, the torrent caught the beam at intervals, and a sparkling chain of waterfalls often appeared before us, as far as the eye could reach.

During about a third part of the ascent, traces of human labour are visible ;—not only in these clearings, but in the huts, constructed of poles, bark, and boughs, in which the charcoal-burners are sheltered, when the process is in a state to require their presence day and night. Whenever we descried one of these pointed huts, we were sure to see near it several closely-built pyramids of wood, generally burning. Sometimes, however, they were but just constructed, and as yet neither lighted nor covered in ; in others, the black mass seemed to be emitting its last breath of stifling smoke ; and, from several, the men were carrying away the charcoal down the precipitous road to Ilsingbourg. This was done by means of hand-carts, each drawn by a single man, who rattled down at a fearful rate, and often appeared to hold up against the load which followed him with considerable difficulty.

At one point in the early part of our progress, the guide stopped; and, without saying a word, turned the head of my mule, making a signal to my companions to turn theirs. He then pointed aloft to a crag five hundred feet above our heads, on which stood a colossal Cross of Iron. It is quite necessary to be exactly on such a spot as we then occupied, with the whole *materiel* for the *Freischütz diablerie* above, around, and underneath—magnified a thousandfold on all sides—with a head, too, as much crammed with visions of demons and witches as mine was—to be able to conceive the sublime effect of this holy emblem, thus suddenly seen, as it were, in the clouds. I shall never forget the sensation.

As we mounted higher and higher, after crossing the noisy torrent by slight log bridges, which seemed just wide enough to fit the feet of the mule, without an inch to spare, I was lost in admiration at my own undaunted courage. I fear its moral value was not much superior to that said to be produced by intoxication;—but it was very delightful while it lasted.

At length we quitted the stream and its awful bridges; and, with them, every trace of a path.

The mules, however, seemed to know their way; and yet it was such a one, that losing it could hardly have brought them to a worse. What must have been the horrible convulsion, which has so scattered the surface of this mountain, and covered its sides with such gigantic yet loose masses of granite rock?

The feeling of wild confusion, which this gives, is indescribable. That these masses are not primeval there, but have been thrown where they lie by some prodigious accident, is unequivocally evident. Sometimes stretched flat upon the ground, sometimes piled loosely, one upon another;—at one place appearing firmly bedded;—at another, almost tottering on the spot where they have fallen;—they everywhere show themselves to be superficial adjuncts to the place they occupy. One of these masses measured fifty-five feet in length and forty in breadth;—its height was beyond our reach, but could not have been less than thirty feet. The most beautiful mosses “sheathed the terrors” of some of their sharp angles; but many were perfectly bare. In every interval between them, enormous pines still lifted their dark heads; but their fringed branches no

longer swept the ground ; the stems were bare ; and the wind, though still unfelt by us, moaned among their tops in sounds such as I never heard before.

If I could have spoken at all, I should have exclaimed with the Bruce—

“ A scene so rude, so wild as this,  
Yet so sublime in barrenness  
Did ne'er my wondering footsteps press.”

By degrees the trees ceased altogether : the mosses and lichen apparently ceased with them ; and a monstrous expanse, entirely covered by detached, bare, dry, sun-whitened rocks, stretched upwards and all round. It was a desert at which an Arab might tremble.

The idea that I had still to sit upon my weary mule amongst, and over, these steep, smooth crags, made me shudder. It seemed to be the exact spot which fiends would choose wherein to keep their holiday ; and I almost expected to hear impish laughter from behind some of the stones, or out of the hollows between them, through which dark, brackish streams were heard, and occasionally seen, trickling down the mountain.

The scaling this hideous precipice was the most tremendous part of the expedition; and, by far, the most difficult feat I ever achieved. My saddle was furnished with a strong handle before, and another behind; and, by dint of holding against the latter, and pulling myself up by means of the former, I contrived to keep myself on the poor creature's back; but it was painful to feel the strong working of her muscles. Having mastered this most arid and desolate portion of the mountain, we again reached symptoms of vegetation. Whortleberries, moss, and a twisted growth of dwarf pines, covered its rugged side. Here again the guide stopped, and bade us turn and look below;—but what combination of words can convey an idea of all which that look showed us? First came the rocky desert,—next a wavy sea of unnumbered forest-covered hills, in every shade from black to grey, as the capricious clouds swept over them—then came the wide-spread world below, bright in unmitigated sunshine, with here and there a small speck that might be a beacon-tower, or village church; but all so blended in one flood of light,

that, contrasted with the dark forest enclosing us, it seemed almost like an opening of the bright and sunny heavens, rather than any view of earth.

Terror, weakness, weariness, all vanished at this spectacle; and, when our kind-natured guide nodded an encouraging assurance, that " Brocken would be good for us this night," we turned our heads again towards the lofty summit with renovated strength and unshrinking spirits.

Without the renewed energy, which this sight and these words had given me, I really doubt whether I should have reached the top at all; for every step became steeper and more difficult; and, as I recall it, I still wonder how it was that I continued able to cling to the powerful little animal, as it strained on from rock to rock up the last painful mile. But at last the deed was done, and we stood triumphant on the summit of the mountain.

I have heard it said that the pleasure produced by visiting any celebrated object, is lessened in exact proportion to all the eloquence we have listened to concerning it. Had I, however, been wholly

unversed in German romance,—had I never seen *Der Freischütz*, or never read *Faust*,—I should not have felt all the satisfaction I did on this occasion :—and it must have been great, for it enabled me to meet, not only with patient endurance, but with a feeling of extreme enjoyment, the blast of wind which assailed us the instant we reached the narrow platform finishing the monstrous cone.

✍ The guide held me on the saddle, till he had led the mule under the shelter of the solitary *Gast-Haus*, and then placed me on my feet; congratulating me with hearty goodwill, on my safe arrival.

This building is constructed in a manner that shows, at a glance, what it has to endure. The granite walls are six feet thick, and the small windows are set even with the internal surface; so that, before each of them there is a deep, square embrasure.

On entering the house we found ourselves in total darkness. A passage runs through the whole length of the building, and exactly divides it,—several doors open into the passage from the chambers on each side. When any of the doors are open, a gleam of light reaches this cavern-like passage;

but when this is not the case, no dungeon can be darker.

We groped our way along, neither knowing where to go, nor how, till an old woman from the kitchen came to our assistance, and led me by the hand to her small, but most warm and welcome domain.

The chillness of the atmosphere, which we found upon reaching this unsheltered pinnacle, made our teeth chatter and our limbs shake; and the old woman told us that everybody took *brandwein* and hot water as soon as they arrived. To this we made no sort of objection; and having thus strengthened our nerves, and ordered dinner, we again left the friendly shelter, to battle with the strongest wind I was ever exposed to. Our guide, who had shared our potation, accompanied us. He led us first to a magnificent congeries of granite fragments, which seemed to have pierced through the surface, and darted up twenty feet towards the clouds. Wild and whimsical are the forms in which these masses are grouped; and here it is that the witches of the Brocken assemble, to perform their unhallowed serenades. They neither play impromptu, nor from



memory; for numerous rocks are pointed out, which serve them for music-desks, and the pile is therefore called "The Witches' Orchestra." High in the midst a single stone rises above the rest, of course for the leader of the band; it is named "The Devil's Pulpit." To this Henry scrambled up; but his ambition very nearly caused him an overthrow, for it was with the greatest difficulty he could keep his footing. To stand upright was quite out of the question, and he described the sensation, which the wind produced at this elevated spot, to be exactly like one strong, long, uninterrupted box on the ear. And a box on the ear it undoubtedly was,—a not unfitting reprimand for his audacious intrusion.

From "The Witches' Orchestra" we proceeded, shivering and gasping for breath, to a very singular little lake, called "The Hexensee, or Witches' Lake." This has been much larger within the memory of man; it is now but a few yards across, but is said to be of vast depth—no man, according to our experienced guide, having ever found a line that could reach the bottom. On the other side of the

Orchestra, bubbles forth the clearest and sweetest water in the world:—but even this, pure as it looks, is also the property of the same unearthly hags, and is only known by the name of “The Witches’ Spring;”—moreover, it is said to be strongly influenced by their wicked will; and, though never perfectly dry, it rises and falls in a manner most supernaturally capricious. As we followed our guide to these several mystical points, he stopped us from time to time, to harangue upon some of the botanical peculiarities of the mountain.

Iceland moss grows there in great abundance, and the Alpine anemone was in the fullest bloom; though it is a wonder how its delicate flowers can open before such piercing gales. The plant must certainly be under the especial protection of the weird sovereigns of the place.—Near the door of the Gast-Haus, is another monument of their unlawful power;—a large fragment of rock stands there, having a deep natural cavity in it. This is denominated “The Witches’ Dog Stone;” and let the weather be what it may, this cavity is never without water—in vain has it been carefully emptied by

well disposed Christians,—nay, rubbed till no particle of moisture could be discerned, but ere the daring hand had ceased its office, drops of cold perspiration were seen oozing from the solid rock, and again the witches' dog might slake his thirst therein.

All these marvellous things are on the mountain's top—and it is easy enough to recount that I saw them—but how am I to tell of what met our eyes below? How venture to describe a scene which, when it was before me, seemed too vast for my senses to comprehend? It is safest not to attempt it.

When we spoke to the old woman of the Brocken-House, who, if she be a witch, is a most benign one, and to a certain fair Sophia, her handmaid, concerning the matter of dinner, they both modestly hinted, that nothing strictly deserving that appellation could be obtained within their dominions; adding, however, that the best they had should be at our service. As it certainly appeared more extraordinary that there should be any dinner at all for unexpected guests, on such a

spot, than that it should not be sumptuous, we readily promised to be thankful for whatever they set before us. It had cost us three hours and eleven minutes, with very good mules, to get from the bottom of the mountain to the top: and how it could answer to these poor people to drag up provisions, and furnish them at the moderate prices they mentioned, was perfectly inconceivable. The mystery, however, was explained, when we were informed that the Prussian Government, learning that much extortion had been practised upon those who had unwarily taken shelter in the miserable hut, which a few years ago was the only dwelling here, immediately remedied the evil by taking the establishment into its own hands. The present building was erected by its care, substantially and scientifically: and, during the summer, a person is appointed to keep the house open for all comers, and to furnish good but simple viands, wine, and spirits, at regulated prices; which appeared to us to be rather less than what we generally met with in the world below.

After making the circuit I have mentioned, among

the enchanted memorials of the aboriginal population of the place, we gladly crept into the little dining-room of the Gast-Haus, where the fair Sophia had not only put fire in the stove, but laid a table as neatly as she could have done in the daintiest Gast-Haus of the plain. The soup, bouilli, potatoes, and bread, were all excellent; and of these our dinner consisted, with the addition of an admirable bottle of Steinberger;—for which bottle we paid three shillings.

Thus fortified, we once more braved the blast without. The hour of sunset, about which we had been so anxious, was fast approaching, and with every promise of being as bright as we could wish it. The grey-headed father of the family joined us as we stood before the door, and congratulated us on our extraordinary good fortune. Not a mist obscured the glorious expanse—not a feature of the wondrous landscape was concealed; clouds there were, but only enough to reflect the “sapphire blaze,” and to fill up the gorgeous pageant.

To have a perfect view of this spectacle, it is necessary to stand where the panorama is complete;

and this can only be done by mounting a small, but immensely strong tower, which forms the centre of the building. It rises only a few feet above the low roof of the house, but sufficiently to command an unbroken circular horizon. To this place we repaired, accompanied by several of the family, just as the sun had reached that point in his descent, where he seems to set on fire all the clouds which meet him. Every mortal once, at least, in his life should see, from the top of a mountain, the sun go down—it is like nothing else that the earth can show him. I have watched through the same hour at sea, where the clearness of a tropical sky has heightened the effect of the brilliant spectacle ; but there the sky and sea were all—and glorious as was the double splendour, it can bear no comparison to the thousand dyes of earth and heaven which are seen above and below from a lofty height on land.

We had the neighbouring mountain-tops for valleys, and the earth's wide circle for our horizon ; but for the world between—its darkness, and its light—the lingering brightness, which brought the distant hills to view—the awful shade, already fallen on the

pine forest at our feet—the inexpressible clearness of the atmosphere, which enabled us to count twelve distinct distances in the landscape—all this can be guessed at only by the initiated, who have seen something like it themselves. The rose-coloured reflection of this glowing sunset was, on this occasion, more than usually brilliant in the east; for, as the sun went down, vast masses of clouds arose in that quarter of the heavens, and, till the light was gone, mocked us with the appearance of almost rival splendour; but when the borrowed glory left them, they assumed a far different aspect, and looked as full of storm and tempest as they had before done of light and beauty. The moon was one day past the full, and I had anticipated the pleasure of seeing her rise, and watching her pale light gleam upon all the witcheries of the Brocken:—I had even decided upon braving the chill blast to visit again, by her light, the Hexensee, the Orchestra, the Pulpit, and all the spots where I should be most likely to be made the fool of fancy. But all these fond devices were stifled in their birth, by such a storm of wind and rain, as might make the foul fiend himself seek shelter.

Nothing, therefore, was left for our evening, but talking over the wonders of the day, as we hovered round the stove, and cheered ourselves with Sophia's coffee. But, though the sister of Apollo refused to enliven us, we soon discovered that the inspirations of the bright god himself might be found for the seeking. Poetry, in almost every language of the earth, begrimed the walls; and if the display of our island tongue was not frequent, the transcription of the following specimen may show how proud we felt that it was found at all :—

“ And next a giant form appeared,  
His brow with ivy crowned ;  
Short and grizzled was his beard,  
And his hair with age was grey ;  
Yet he danced around,  
On the accursed ground,  
While the devil spoke  
From his pulpit rock,  
And gave his subjects holiday.”

We had just completed our survey of these mural inscriptions, when the venerable landlord entered, with three huge volumes in his hand. He again congratulated us on our peculiar good fortune, in



having witnessed such a sunset; and, placing the books before us, added, that out of the many names we should find recorded in them, not one in a hundred had been equally favoured. He begged we would be pleased to add our own to the list; and left us, expressing a hope that the rough night we were likely to have, would not cause us any disagreeable alarm.

The Brocken Album is, I have no doubt, quite as valuable, as to the intrinsic worth of its contents, as most others; but the greater part of it being in German manuscript, it was closed to us. Some sprinkled effusions, however, we found, in a more familiar character; and, among these, the name and adventures of a young American. He tells how he determined, with a friend and countryman, to scale the Brocken, without a guide—(the national love of dollars must have generated this dangerous project;)—and how they got bewildered amidst its bogs and precipices, “uttering,” as he vigorously expresses it, “the frequent d—n.” After many hours of severe toil, they at length succeeded in reaching the top; and the album has gained three

or four pages of eloquence from the pen of one or both of them. The learning displayed in the mode of inscribing one of their names amused us—

“ J. B.

“ *Virginiensis Americanus.*”

It was so much in the scientific manner in which some other inhabitants of their native woods are classed, that it was impossible to resist a smile. Henry was so delighted with the style, that it was with great difficulty I prevented him from setting me down as “ *Species Maternalis Harroviensis.*”

We were told, soon after entering the Brocken-House, that there were no bed-rooms for us, as a party of botanists had bespoken all in the building; but that a small room, with three couches and a stove, were at our service. When we first heard this, the weather was bright, though cold, and we were all full of schemes for watching the effects of moonlight upon so singular a spot; and this, with the determination of meeting the sun, and his attendant spectre giant, in the morning, made us extremely indifferent about the accommodation for the night; but now that all this was perfectly out

of the question, and a tempest howling without that seemed increasing every moment, the prospect of sitting all night to listen to it, was far from agreeable; yet it was the only one before us. We went to the door of the Gast-Haus, to look out upon the night; and though the moon was high in the heavens, and nearly full, all that its light could do was but to show the gloom that seemed brooding over the earth—lately so bright and lovely. It was like the change from life to death; but a death that had no rest in it. The hurricane was frightful. Though the door we opened was deeply set, like the windows, and placed even with the interior surface of the wall, it was not without difficulty that we were able to close it again; so powerful was the blast that rushed in upon us. At length we retired to our warm, but dismal chamber; a small dim lamp was placed behind the stove, that those who could might sleep, and each of us reclined upon a hard and narrow couch, to wait for the morning.

Many must have cause to remember the fearful night that preceded the 1st of September, 1833. The gale that blew that night, caused more wrecks

than any that has been recorded for years; and we felt and heard it in a manner never to be forgotten.

There was something new to me, and very awful, in the sound of the wind, as I listened to it through the hours of that tedious night. There were no trees, no buildings, among which its wild howlings might be either tamed or lost; and I thought that there were notes in its unmitigated voice more solemn and appalling than any to be heard elsewhere. At intervals a blast struck so rudely against our low, strong-set shelter, that I fancied it could never before have withstood such a storm; and that we and it should speedily be scattered and shattered among the rocks of the mountain. But, when for a while the fury of the attack remitted, and that hollow sound succeeded, which in every storm seems to indicate an intermission of its strength, or its rage, there was something so solemn and so wild, in the mystic wailings which followed, that all the legends I had ever read rose to my memory; and more than once I caught myself listening, as if I expected to detect articulate sounds. It certainly requires very little invention,

in addition to a tolerably lively fancy, to tell that voices have been heard, and words spoken, amid such sounds as swept along the Brocken on that night. Occasionally, fatigue conquered all the excitement of this singular position, and I slept for a few minutes; but by far the greater portion of the night was passed by me in listening to these unearthly noises,—and yet strange to say, I was conscious of a species of pleasure in this occupation,—my spirits were in a sort of balancing see-saw between fear and enjoyment; and I felt as if I had for a while quitted the earth and all its ordinary emotions, and had attained, by accident, some other state of being.

My companions slept more than I did; yet, not so well but that they welcomed heartily the light of day, which was the signal of release from our dungeon-like apartment. Dismal, however, was the prospect that greeted us when we again ventured to unclosethe door of the fortress. The mist was so thick that no London fog in November could exceed its density. It was not dingy yellow, however, but vapoury blue. And, when I had succeeded

in creeping along the wall of the house, to a corner where I could keep my feet, and look out upon it, the wild and rapid movement of its shadowy shapes, as the eddying blast propelled them, had more of majesty, sublimity, and mystery in it, than even the sunset of the night before. I saw not the spectral giant on the western skies, such as a bright morning shows him,—and it is difficult to say, precisely, what I did see. The vapour was stirred into such sudden fitful movement, that it seemed, indeed, as if spirits were careering on the blast;—and, if a fixed and sober glance convinced me they were “airy nothings,” there was still enough of wonder left to make one tremble.

I remembered, too, that I had again to mount my mule, and descend through this palpable obscure, over rocks and bogs that were terrible, even during honest earthly daylight;—and that “*folle du logis*,” as Montaigne calls the imagination, would be sure to multiply these dangers a hundred fold, if they were to be guessed at, instead of seen.

It was, however, of necessity, to be done, and, at all times, when the weight of certainty falls upon

the mind, the mercury of our courage immediately rises to the requisite pitch. My companions confessed that they felt some misgivings on my account; but, for themselves, they seemed positively to enjoy the tumult and the din:—so we took our breakfast by no means as if we thought it would prove our last, and then proceeded with the necessary preparations.

I never experienced more kindness from strangers than on this occasion. Every individual of the family seemed to make it a particular business to devise ways and means for my safety and comfort. It was declared necessary that I should mount in the stable; as it would have been impossible that the good people who were to pack me up should keep their footing out of doors. The whole household followed to this barn; and there I was tied, and pinned, till it was declared impossible for any morsel of drapery to be taken at disadvantage by the storm. The preparation being announced as complete, we sallied forth:—but the first step beyond the shelter of the barn rendered all their care abortive, and the guide turned me and my mule again into the stable. My good friends then set to work again; and, by

means of stronger tackle, and tyings in abundance, I was once more declared in condition to face the wind.

Fortunately the sharp, pricking rain, which had been falling for the last hour, now ceased. This was an essential relief, as it enabled me to uncover my eyes. The attentive guide led my mule; and though I could hardly draw breath, and with difficulty held myself on the saddle, I again set forward with a feeling very like enjoyment.

I had soon the comfort of finding that the mountain itself afforded us a perfect shelter, as soon as we had got a few yards below its summit; and I had no doubt that some of the kind and consolatory accents, addressed to me before I quitted the stable, conveyed an assurance that so it would be; but I had too much agitation, and too little German, to understand it.

Our descent was by a different and much easier path than that by which we mounted; and, before we had performed a mile of our downward progress, all that was alarming or disagreeable had utterly disappeared, and was forgotten in the new delight that opened before us.



The black clouds, which had covered the whole expanse of heaven, suddenly rose from the horizon, and, rapidly mounting higher and higher, by degrees displayed a landscape radiant in light, and beautiful beyond description in its sudden and unexpected brightness. I have read of, and I think I have seen, what poets call "golden light," and "sapphire light," and "purple light,"—but such a light as now burst upon the world below us I never saw till then.

After passing about two-thirds of the descent, the new path fell into the old one, and we came again upon the beautiful torrent. Nearly at this point, we overtook a very interesting party of young botanists,—amounting to twelve,—each with his *Hortus Siccus* portfolio, and Herbal, strapped behind him. A young man, of two or three and twenty, appeared to be their leader and instructor; and the whole group, their pursuit, and the sublime scene chosen for it, formed a very pretty subject of contemplation.

We had not long pursued our former road, when we again left it, in order to pass over the height on which stands the enormous Cross pointed out to us the day before.

To this point walks have been cut through the forest, with considerable skill and care. They lead by a narrow, undulating terrace along the side of one or two most picturesque minor mountains, to the extraordinary rock where this Cross, erected in honour of some Prussian victory, rears its twenty feet of massive iron against the sky. This terrace-path lasts for above a league, and commands openings into some of the wildest scenery of the Harz.

*Blasé*, as our poor guide must be, for all that these scenes can show, he yet felt, or seemed to feel, some emotion as he led us by these passes. More than once he stopped, and, pointing to the depths below, and the pine-covered heights above, uttered an exclamation of delight.

The extreme point on which the Cross stands is bare and alone. All around it is clothed with the pine forest; but this pale, solitary stone juts forth, and hangs over the valley, with such a giddy pre-eminence, that I tremble in remembering that I have stood upon its verge. Though my exaltation of spirits had not yet forsaken me, and I still enjoyed a pleasure (so new!) in looking down into

the profound valleys by which we had passed, I confess I shrunk back at the aspect of this isolated crag:—but our guide would not let me retreat; and I owe to his persevering good-nature the pleasure of knowing that I left nothing unseen.

Whatever character the miners and charcoal-burners of the Harz may bear, and however their rude and almost uncontrolled excesses may have made them fitting personages in the wild romances to which this region of fable has given birth, I am persuaded, that those who live by constantly traversing its sublimest scenes must draw a species of moral elevation from the occupation. And I would venture to predict, that any one, who knew his language well, would find, in the conversation of our one-eyed guide, not only a delightful collection of romantic lore, but much genuine, deep-set feeling, and no inconsiderable portion of valuable local knowledge.

Full of interest and enjoyment as this expedition proved to us, I doubt whether I can fairly recommend the ascent of the Brocken to the generality of female travellers. But no one should be within

a day's journey of Ilsingbourg, without making an excursion on mules to the colossal Cross, and returning by the charcoal-road which leads along the mountain torrent.

On returning to the village, we passed close to the walls of an old castle, now occupied by some species of manufactory. The building, from its antiquity, and its situation in this wildest of districts, deserves a longer examination than we had time to give it. At the "Red Trout," we again encountered the same, or an exactly similar, set of scowling smokers; so we again took refuge with the gillyflowers, and feasted upon Westphalia ham, during the process of putting the horses to the carriage.

It was not till I found myself in the corner of this comfortable vehicle, that I became fully aware how much I wanted rest. In truth, I believe we were all pretty thoroughly exhausted, both in mind and body, by the exertion and the pleasure of the last twenty-four hours;—and our drive back to Goslar was a very luxurious interval of silence and of rest.

## CHAPTER XXI.

*Antiquities of Goslar—Altar of Croton—Hanover—  
Herrenhausen—Theatre—Salt-works at Rehme—  
Sea of Rocks—Cologne—Steam-boat—Rotterdam—  
Conclusion.*

AN excellent repast awaited us at the “Empereur Romain,”—which I name for the benefit of all future travellers to the Harz, who are wise enough to read my book and profit by my experience. It required some resolution, after all the fatigue we had endured, to set off again in pursuit of the curiosities of Goslar. Nevertheless, we did so; and the virtue thus manifested was, as usual, its own reward—or rather, it brought its own reward, in the multitude of architectural vagaries, and venerable antiquities, with which it made us acquainted. Goslar has every appearance of having preserved relics of whatsoever the whim and will of succeeding ages have bestowed on it. The “stream of Time” may

here be almost as clearly traced, by a practical antiquarian, as in a chronological table. Tribute has been sufficiently paid to "the beautifier," in the shape of fallen roofs and half-demolished turrets; but some remnant of all that ever was there appears to be still visible.

This place must have been of immense strength, when there was no gunpowder to contend with. The round towers, which remain at each entrance to the town, are magnificent; their walls measure twenty-one feet in solid thickness, and their internal diameter is eighty.

Of a cathedral church, dedicated to St. Matthew, and built by Conrad the First, in 916, only a small portion remains. This is very carefully preserved, and made the receptacle of various local antiquities, which, thus protected, bid fair to endure for another thousand years or so.

In this consecrated museum there is one relic, of a date evidently anterior to that of the holy faith to which the building containing it belongs; though it now stands as if appropriated to the rites and ceremonies of the sacred edifice.

This curious piece of antiquity has received the appellation of Croton's Altar, upon what authority I know not. It is of brass, with a white marble slab on the top, and is supported on the shoulders of four hideous figures, in bronze. Ugly as it is, it was thought, by the *vertù* of some of Napoleon's generals, worthy of being conveyed to Paris: but it was carefully brought back again to Goslar, at a period which may be called, in more than one sense, that of the *Restoration*.

One single window, of very old and very richly stained glass, lights but dimly this temple of relics; and the picturesque effect of their mutilated and uncertain forms is perhaps enhanced by this obscurity. Tomb-stones, and carved tabernacles, sculptured altars, and grotesque alto-relievos, are seen athwart the gloom with a delightful uncertainty, leaving the imagination at liberty to believe them still richer than they are. Notwithstanding this religious twilight, Mr. H. contrived to make a very faithful sketch of the Altar of Croton.

The Protestant church of St. Mark cannot be placed in competition with the mutilated St. Mat-

thew's in point of interest ; but it has its splendid brazen Font to show, in which the abundance of metal seems to tell of neighbouring mines.

The architectural vagaries of the Goslar houses are, I should imagine, among the most eccentric in the world. Many of them show traces of most elaborate workmanship. The Worth Hôtel is a perfect gem in its way:—in the centre is a handsome Gothic gloriëtte, and on each side of it four full-sized figures of old German Emperors in armour, most hideous to behold ; with two statues of naked wild men, armed with clubs, at each corner. The Prussian and Austrian arms are carved upon the walls. In front of this hotel are a bronze fountain and basin, of very beautiful antique workmanship:—the tradition goes, that the Devil was the artisan who produced them, and they are still called after him.

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The fine weather seemed to have lasted us exactly as long as there was anything to see. A cold drizzling rain obliged us again to have the carriage



closed; and this time, as we lifted up the curtains to peep out, we became perfectly reconciled to the necessity. The only picturesque objects between Goslar and Hanover were the living ones;—the dresses of the peasantry are very peculiar, and those of the females often gay and becoming. Among the Harz mountains, the women universally wear a long, full, heavy, striped mantle, which reaches from the throat to the feet; with a small, close, silk cap, tied under the chin. No dress could be more judiciously adapted to the locality than this seems to be; for they are exposed at all seasons to the sudden blasts of wind which towering hills and narrow valleys are sure to produce.

We dined at Hildesheim—and that is all I can say of it. The roads in its vicinity,—which, being both rough and hilly, were traversed very slowly,—afforded Henry some amusement, from the very beautiful organic remains profusely lodged in the large masses of stones laid up beside them for repairs: from these he extracted some specimens; and I pitied his yearnings, when we drove within sight of the quarry whence they were taken, and

left it behind us unexamined. We had, however, no time to spare, and but just contrived to reach Hanover before the dark evening closed upon us.

The first aspect of Hanover is not prepossessing. Most of the streets are narrow, and the houses so lofty, that little air or sunshine can reach the pavement, which, as there is no *trottoir*, is particularly in need of both. A more detailed survey, however, shows much that is handsome, and still more that is venerable and curious. To the English, at least, this old city must afford materials for much interesting research; and, though its palaces are antiquated, its "trim gardens" stiff and formal, and its long line of princely portraits of little value to the connoisseur, there is still, in all these, much that speaks pleasantly to the heart of an Englishman; and the walls which sheltered the cradle of our royal line cannot be looked at with indifference.

The weather was most tantalizing during the whole of our stay: but, though I saw less of the environs, public walks, &c., than I could have wished, my time was very delightfully occupied;

for I was at the house of one of my oldest and dearest friends. Yet, notwithstanding this strong temptation to be quiet, I failed not to visit all that was best worth seeing.

Among these I must place first the venerable palace of *Herrenhausen*. Without the historical associations attached to it, this palace would be nothing ; but, with them, it is full of interest. The old gardens, with their square grassplats, and marble fountains—the long yew walk, where the Princess Sophia first heard of the Accession—the family portraits, looking like the grandfathers and grandmothers of England—all these speak the language of history, and of history closely connected with our own.

The palace of the Duke of Cambridge is within the city :—that of Herrenhausen is at the distance of a mile, and is approached by a most magnificent avenue of nearly that length. By the help of a friend's carriage, I saw something of the pretty forest which skirts the town, in one direction ; and, also, of a country residence of the Duke, with extremely pretty modern gardens, in another.

Many of the old buildings in the heart of the city,—including the Hôtel de Ville, are among the most picturesque edifices I have seen in Germany. Immensely high, elaborately ornamented, and with a plenitude of quaint device which defies description, they are invaluable as memorials of a distant age; and the careful preservation of them must be an object of lively interest to the learned antiquary in every country.

The public library is very extensive, and peculiarly valuable in respect of its manuscripts: those of Leibnitz alone occupy a large portion of one room, formerly tenanted by himself, he having been for many years librarian.

The most splendid erection in Hanover is the Waterloo monument. It is a noble column; and, were the figure of Victory with her attributes, by which it is surmounted, less complicated in outline, it would be faultless. On its pedestal are inscribed the names of all the Hanoverians (of whatever rank) who fell in the battle. Not far from this magnificent structure, is another of a very different character, which would show to greater advantage

were it more distant:—this is a little Grecian temple, bearing the inscription “*Genio Leibnitzii.*” Could this be transported to one of the pretty groves of the gardens which so delightfully surround the city, it would give and receive both grace and fitness.

The Theatre at Hanover is of excellent size and proportions, and prettily decorated. The performances, on the evening of our visit, were by the French Company from the theatre at Berlin. The acting was, throughout, admirable; and the three little pieces which we saw were of the genuine, modern, *larmoyant-moqueur* French School. I do not much like the style. It is real life—but life as I would never wish to see it.

Mr. T. joined us in this city, *via Hamburgh*, and confirmed the account we had before heard, of the fatal winds of the first of September; the effect of which he himself escaped by a few hours only.

As it was our wish to see as much of Westphalia as time would allow, and as Mr. T. was desirous of visiting the Münster of the Three Kings, we decided upon crossing to Cologne, instead of

making for Wesel, which was the direct route to Rotterdam. The country through which this road took us was, in many parts, of a very high order of beauty; but we posted through it, and only paused for a few hours here and there, when any object of peculiar attraction detained us. Minden is a place of considerable interest: its fortifications are magnificent; and the view of the Porta Westphalica, and all its surrounding scenery, is most lovely.

The Salt-works at Rehme could not be passed unseen. The manner in which the water from the saline spring is made to deposit its treasure is very ingenious. Stacks of thorn boughs, three hundred feet long, sixty feet high, and thirty wide, are constructed with the uniform symmetry and neatness of a brick mansion. The water is forced to the top of this structure, and, being carried in troughs along its whole extent, is made to drip gradually through every part of it. In its passage this water deposits lime, which attaches to every twig, and forms a little forest of petrifications. Below the stacks are cellars, twelve feet deep, into which the purified water runs; whence it is conveyed

to the boiling-house, where a most pure and beautiful deposit of salt takes place on the sides of the boilers. This deposit is laded out, and immediately packed in baskets.

At Bielefeld, where we dined, we were again tempted to a few hours' delay, for the purpose of visiting the fine ruins of its castle, and mounting to the public gardens on the opposite hill, from whence we looked over as fine a country as it is well possible to conceive. Rocks, forest, hills, valleys, rivers, and villages, are spread out with most happy harmony of composition. The stage from hence to Wiedenbrück, through what is called the Sea of Rocks, is wonderfully wild and beautiful.

The dilapidated town of Lippstadt was the limit of our second day's journey from Hanover. The hotel, at which we lodged there, was by no means a bad one; but, at the time of our arrival, the spirits of every individual of the whole establishment were in a state of such vehement exaltation, occasioned by the presence of an infant Princess of Prussia, on her way from some watering place, that it was nearly impossible to obtain

anything, or be listened to by any body. "The Princess!"—"The Princess!"—"The Princess!" was almost the only sound we heard; and this was echoed from one end of the house to the other.

The country in the neighbourhood of this town, and for one or two stages afterwards, has no beauty—but at Iserlohn the charm returns; and the road from thence to Hagen is very fine.

At the latter place we were fortunate enough to find a gay and very crowded fair, which showed us the greatest variety of genuine German costumes that we had yet seen. But we also saw what was less pleasing, namely, one or two most portentously deformed dwarfs. One of these saluted us by a thousand grotesque and hideous demonstrations of welcome, pointing with shouts of glee to the gay spectacle around. He was probably intoxicated; and what, if displayed in a person of due proportions, would have produced only a temporary feeling of disgust, appeared in him something so terrible and monstrous, that it was long before I could shake off the disagreeable impression.

I saw more dwarfs, and more deformed and crippled people, during the short time I was in Germany,



than my whole life had ever before shown me. I have heard various causes assigned for this. The miserable mode of clothing and nursing new-born children appears the most probable :—unfortunately, the benign innovations for the ease of these poor helpless little beings have not yet reached the peasants of Germany ; but the ignorance which produces this blundering must speedily disappear under the present system,—and it is probable that the race of dwarfs and cripples will disappear with it.

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We reached Cologne on the fourth day, about eleven o'clock, and enjoyed again, if possible with more pleasure than before, the glories of its matchless church. I spent some hours in studying this marvel, both within and without ; and I think every portion of it is sufficiently engraven on my memory to furnish me with gothic reminiscences for ever :—I only hope I shall not remember it too well, when looking at our less splendid treasures of this kind at home.—This would be the only price I should think too great to pay for the pleasure it had given me.

No scene could present a greater contrast than the Grosser Rhinberg did, now, with what it had been three months before. The long table, then so crowded with guests, was now reduced so as to suit only half a dozen seats at the top of the room. The pretty band of music had given place to tenantless chairs, piled up in one corner; and the lazy waiters yawned in a knot in another. In the evening we crossed the bridge to Deutz, where the officers of the garrison gave a sort of fête to the public, by permitting their band to play in a garden beside the river. Though the air had already all the chillness of autumn, rendered keener still by a fresh breeze from the water, the place was crowded,—and, in truth, the music was good enough to make one patiently endure a shivering. We followed the general example, and took coffee under the trees; but a repast, *al fresco*, in Siberia, could hardly have been less genial. The view of the city on the opposite bank, with its beautiful grey towers, and the reflected twinkle of its numerous lights—for Mozart kept us enthralled long after “night’s candles” were visible, formed

a lovely picture. It is, perhaps, from this point that the venerable city is seen to the greatest advantage; and the view of it immediately recalled to my mind's eye a beautiful drawing of Turner's, which I think must have been taken near this spot. Cologne is a glorious subject, both as to outline and colouring; and it might furnish even a more vigorous and forcible composition than I have ever yet seen from it.

Dark, damp, chilling, and miserable was our embarkation, at half-past five o'clock on the following morning, for Rotterdam. Here again was a contrast. When last we had embarked from this same bridge, the summer and the Drachenfels were before us;—now, we had nothing to look for but equinoctial gales and—Rotterdam. We had but few passengers, and of these only a small proportion were English. We were about a fortnight too late for the companionship of Rhenish tourists. The weather improved upon us, however, and we enjoyed a bright September sun; but it had nothing to shine upon which could content our pampered eyes; and, till we got to Dusseldorf, we hardly

thought it worth while to open them. Here we just did this, and no more; for the steam-boat paused not long enough to allow a walk on shore. By all accounts Dusseldorf deserves a very different sort of examination—it is spoken of as a delightful residence.

Just twelve hours after our embarkation we reached Arnheim, our quarters for the night. It rained hard; and our walk in search of an hotel was unpleasant enough. But, even under these circumstances, it was impossible not to be struck by the neat appearance of the town.

Every house looked as if the workmen had only just left it,—having “repaired and beautified” every part, from the cellar to the garret. No frontier in the world, I imagine, can sever lands more dissimilar in appearance than Germany and Holland; and the habits of the people (smoking excepted) are not more congenial. Were idolatry to supersede the true faith in Holland, soap and water would unquestionably be made the objects of adoration. Of the latter, nature has certainly given them enough; and, for the matter of soap, I am

persuaded that all human arts would be put in requisition, rather than this first of chemical blessings should be found wanting.

By the courtesy of a stranger, we were led to the very unobtrusive, but comfortable, *Hôtel des Pays-Bas*. Everything here was Dutch,—and Dutch to perfection. Every floor was blessed with a carpet; every window-pane was innocent of dust. Our attendant hand-maidens, with stockings white as snow, and close-plaited head-gear to match, looked like Naiads fresh risen from a washing tub; and the linen, in every direction, whether curtains, table-cloths, sheets, or napkins, dazzled the eyes that looked upon them.

The following morning, an adventure happened to us, which also proved, though in a manner less agreeable, that we had passed the Dutch frontier. Our passports had been taken from us the evening before, by an officer who came on board for the purpose; and the captain said that we should have no trouble concerning them, as the same person would meet us when we embarked in the morning.

Accordingly, we had not been many minutes in the boat, before the officer arrived. To Mr. T. and Henry, their passports (that of the latter including mine) were returned, duly signed; but to Mr. H. a paper was delivered instead, commanding him immediately to return over the frontier; as his passport was such as no Dutch signature, which he could obtain here, could make available. A similar notice was delivered to an English gentleman and his nephew; and also to a French family, on their way to a near relation at Amsterdam. In each case the defective passports had Belgian signatures, which ours had not.

The captain of the steam-boat, however, assured the discomfited travellers, that it would be only necessary for them to repair to Nimeguen; where the governor of that fortress would be able, and doubtless willing, to give them fresh passports, which would enable them to reach Rotterdam on the following day.

Fortunately, the packet did not set off for London till the day after; and we therefore left Mr. H. in the belief that no other inconvenience would ensue

to him than being separated from his party for a few hours. The result, however, was very different. On arriving at Nimeguen, he was again told that no passport could be given him; and, accordingly, he had to travel through Prussia and Belgium to Ostend. Luckily for him, the English gentlemen before mentioned were in the same predicament; and he had the advantage of their company on this enforced and tedious journey.

That there was considerable severity in the regulation which occasioned this, cannot be denied; but the outrageous detention of a Dutch gentleman on the Belgian frontier, a few weeks before—a circumstance which we had heard everywhere spoken of with indignation—had unquestionably led to it.

Rotterdam, being nearly as well known to Englishmen as Calais itself, must not be long dwelt upon. But its interminable canals, on which boats occupy that portion of the street elsewhere used by carriages, cannot be seen for the first time without a feeling of surprise. I can hardly conceive any thing less picturesque than the general aspect of this singular place. Were I doomed for a certain

space of time to walk through its sad and misty streets, I might be tempted, unless the period were a very short one, to try whether I were not really amphibious,—as all who inhabit there ought to be,—and plunge into a canal, by way of bettering my condition. Yet, once fairly removed from the watery streets, and admitted within the precincts of the comfortable dwellings which stretch along their sides, I should very soon feel disinclined to leave them again.

It seems as if Nature, in forming this race of inhabitants, had benignly gifted them with the power of making their houses thus comfortable, expressly that they might feel no inclination to move out of them, and so escape the consciousness that she had denied them any objects worth looking at.

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## CONCLUSION.

HERE ended our summer's tour: and, should this enumeration of the multitude of lovely scenes with which it brought me acquainted, lead any to follow in the same track, and share in the same pleasures, one of the objects for which I have recorded them will be answered. Of Germany, I should say, from the portion I have seen of it, that all the nations of the earth would do well to visit its noble territory, and study its confederated strength. Should I be able to do so, I will certainly return to this most interesting land, once and again; for it is to me more full of all that can keep the mind in healthy action, than any other I have seen:—but, in doing this, it will be for my pleasure only, and not that I may perceive more clearly the features which distinguish it from others. These are too distinctly pronounced to escape even a more rapid glance than I have given it.

To enjoy fully all the richness of German literature, locked up, as it is, in its splendid case of Gothic workmanship, where every precious idiom, standing like a gem in deep relief upon it, only adds to the difficulty of penetrating to the treasures it contains,—to enjoy all this, fully, requires long years of youthful labour. To endure, without some suffering, the hateful vapour with which it is the will of some part of the German people to obscure their pure and lovely atmosphere, would also require long years of youthful labour:—but the magnificent tone of the scenery, the abounding produce of the delightful climate, the delicious music that greets one on every hand, as if it were the universal voice of the people, the enduring effects of their venerable institutions, and the national stamp, which is the result of all these, are too salient to escape observation, and too admirable to miss applause. Most truly, these are characters which those who run may read—it is only necessary for this, that they should possess the power of reading at all.

But I have other reasons, still, for wishing my

countrymen to visit Germany. I doubt whether there be any place on earth where at this moment so much precious wisdom is to be found;—and it is taught, too, in a manner the least unpalatable; for Germany follows not the custom of these latter days, but is more given to practise than to preach.

France, for nearly half a century, has been making herself heard among the nations; proclaiming aloud that she will give them such a lesson in political science, as shall render perfect the condition of man. There are some who still love to listen to her; but more, perhaps, who think she has yet to learn the mystery she is so anxious to teach.

For about the same period, America has been lifting up her voice to the self-same tune—and there are some, too, who will still listen to her. But, while the discordant accents of her motley race declare “Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms,” to be pernicious excrescences, there is a general feeling among the sober-minded, that she is talking of she knows not what.

Spain—proud Spain—reels to and fro; and staggers like a drunken man; and is at her wit's end. She is tossed, as a buoy upon the waves, indicative of shoals, and rocks, and wreck; but she has no light to lead any into port.

“Sad and sunken Italy, the plunderers' common prey,” has neither power to give, nor to take counsel.

Gigantic Russia shines afar off—a thing to wonder at, rather than understand.

And England—England, who has stood unscathed, while the whirlwind raged around her—how fares she in this “piping time of peace?” Truly, she is much in the state of Lady Teazle's reputation—ill of a plethora. She has been triumphant—but the thought of it makes her sick. She has been free—but would mend her condition. She has drained wealth from the four quarters of the earth—but she would change all this. She must take alterations, grow slender, and cease to be sleek and contented, that she may be in the fashion.

And what has confederated Germany been doing the while? Storm and tempest have beat against her; but, true to herself, she has only risen stronger from the blast. The flood of war has swept over, but could not overwhelm her; and, though nations, which bore not one-half her burden in the struggle, are beat down to rise not again,

“ She tricks her beams, and with new-spangled ore  
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky.”

And why is this? Let us visit her well-ordered cities—let us look at the peaceful industry of her fields:—and, though we shall perhaps find her talking and writing less upon government than most other nations, we may gain a lesson that shall help us at our need.

Yet Germany, too, is seeking to ameliorate the condition of man, and is foremost in the race of intellectual improvement. Let us visit her, and see what are the means she takes to ensure it. She turns not her strength to uproot and overthrow all that man, in his social state, has hitherto held sacred; nor does she labour to force Nature from her course,

in order to make level that which the Creator has decreed shall rise and fall in ceaseless inequality;—but, with steady power, she pursues the only scheme by which man may hope to benefit his species. She gives her people knowledge, and suffers not either ignorance or tumult to banish “the sage called Discipline” from the land.

THE END.

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